THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PARNELL'S PERSONALITY.

Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor, M. P., Makes a Brief but Brilliant Summary of the Irish Leader's Career and Character.

He Was Not a Man of Many Ideas, or Provided With a Rich Vocabulary, but He had Tact, Courage and Patriotism.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., gives the following interesting and picturesque sketch of Mr. Parnell's public career:

"The early history of Mr. Parnell is not easily traced. Though for many years he always answered readily any question he was asked, for such an uncommunicative person, he never talked of himself spontaneously, and the movements of expansion under which even reserved men often unbosom themselves were not merely unknown but apparently impossible to him. It is, therefore, very hard to tell how, suddenly, and apparently without any previous preparation or transition, he burst from the silent retirement of a small squire in county Wicklow into the full blaze and storm of Irish political life. There must have been a time when he never contemplated such a career. I have never seen it, but I believe there is a portrait of him extant representing a tall, slender and very shy looking youth in the uniform of an officer in the militia of Wicklow, Mr. Parnell's native county, and militia officers in Ireland are usually ultra Conservative. Some or his political opponents have recently unearthed the fact that he stood beside a brother—who has remained, I believe, a Conservative—when he was taking part in one of those unhappy eviction scenes, the recurrence of which Mr. Parnell was destined afterwards to do more than any single man to prevent. At all events, there is little reason to doubt that in the early days of his youth Mr. Parnell did not contemplate political life. However, he was born in a historic region which was calculated to sow the seeds in any susceptible heart of musing thoughts on the history of Ireland. All around him were some of the most sanguinary battle fields of the Rebellion of 1798, and on his own estate there were, in his boyhood, among his tenantry and servants, many men who were old enough to remember some of the horrors and fierce tales of the days of the Rebellion. I have also been told that in Aughavanna—a queer, tumble down old building which he used as a shooting lodge—he used to relate during the evenings to the companions of his sports long tales of the period of the Rebellion that showed he had thought a good deal about those times. It is customary to attribute his political opinions to his mother and sisters. Mrs. Parnell was a vehement politician as far back as the days of Fenianism, and when the police were on the look out for some of the leaders, she is reported to have secreted them in her own house in Dublin, and to have helped them to escape. There is a tradition, too, among the few survivors of the *Irish People* newspaper, the organ of the Fenian party, of a young lady coming to the office, closely veiled, with a rebel poem. The young lady turned out to be Miss Fanny Parnell, who died a few years ago, and, like her great brother, at an early age and after an even briefer illness. But even these associations would not sufficiently account for the opinions of Mr. Parnell, especially since an absolute isolation and independence, one from the other, in matters of opinion, is one of the peculiarities of a somewhat singular family. I believe it will be found that a strong passion was the beginning, as to some extent it was the close, of his political career. I was told in Providence, R. I., a few months ago, that the lady lived there who gave Mr. Parnell to Ireland. During a visit he paid to the United States he met at Newport one of the beauties of the state of Rhode Island, fell in love with her, proposed, and I believe was, at least conditionally, accepted. However, there was another suitor, and marriages with foreigners were then hated by the doting American parents, and the young lady was fickle. Whatever the cause, she married the other gentleman, and Mr. Parnell felt the blow acutely. The one instance I have ever heard of conscious self revelation was when he said once to a colleague, 'You know I was jilted.' But the self revelation stopped there, the thick veil of his habitual reticence fell immediately, and no more is known. Let me close this chapter by the final statement that the marriage of the 'other one' has not been happy, she has been for some years separated from her husband.

The first time Mr. Parnell gave open signs of any intention to enter political life was at the general election of 1874 Mr. Isaac Butt had started the Home Rule movement a short time before. It may be admitted now that the talents or promise of Mr. Parnell were not the governing causes in his acceptance as a recruit. His first appearance was a conspicuous failure. At all times he was nervous—dreadfully nervous—when he had to speak. Those sitting beside him in the house of commons could see that, on all occasions when he was speaking, the hand that was held behind the back was clenched, and that the nails seemed to dig into his palm. He never, moreover, spoke if he could avoid doing so, and never because he had any idea that people wanted to hear him. He used to say that he always liked to speak in the dinner hour—that dread period of cheerless desertion in the house of commons which most orators avoid with horror. In his early days in parliament he had to talk against time; and as he was not a man with a large stock of ideas, and had always a very sparse vocabulary, this was to him a matter of terrible difficulty. He therefore liked the silence of the empty house, which enabled him to speak very slowly and to collect his thoughts. He was always a man whom any noise seemed to confuse. He often used to complain pathetically that he could not think in the atmosphere of the house of commons. His love of solitude—which was often a dreadful embarrassment and a cause of sore complaint by his colleagues—though it had other reasons, was also largely due, I believe, to the fact that it was only in solitude he had the power of thinking out his thoughts. In the days of which I have just been speaking the funds in Ireland were low, the Home Rule cause was frowned upon by all the well to do classes, and the prospect of a recruit of ancient and historic family, of the landlord party, and with a sufficient income, was very alluring. Mr. Parnell was accordingly welcomed. Of course he was defeated, for county Dublin was then a Conservative seat. But the fight he made was gallant. He had brought himself before the country, and when, a short time afterwards, the death of Mr. John Martin made a vacancy in county Meath, he was chosen as the National candidate, and was easily returned. There is reason to believe that at that period Mr. Parnell was in a condition of almost infantile political ignorance. He had read very little of the history of Ireland, or probably of any country. He had been at several English schools, and had spent a year or two at Magdalen College, Cambridge, but his career had not been distinguished. At no time in his life, indeed, was he a man of book learning. He was heard only on one occasion to quote an extremely hackneyed line of Moore, and that with considerable difficulty. His mind was essentially practical, and he had abundant stores of information on all the subjects of practical life—the feats of engineering, the construction of railways, and kindred subjects—which were revealed for the first and, indeed, the last time, to his colleagues when he and they were fellow-prisoners in Kilmainham jail. But at this period he was as ignorant of parliamentary methods as of Irish history, and there are traditions of wild and insane projects which rushed through his mind for the purpose of calling attention to the wrongs of Ireland in a more conspicuous manner than was done by the placid régime of Mr. Butt. His first speech was a scream, delivered in a shrieking voice. The first impression he made, accordingly, was, curiously enough, one of passion, and not of restraint and coolness. A well-known writer in the press described him as speaking as might a young lady who took part in the festivity of the insane at Colney Hatch.

By a curious coincidence the very first night he entered the house Mr. Parnell heard the late Mr. Biggar's historic speech of four hours from which the obstruction movement is usually dated. Mr. Biggar and he soon formed a close alliance. In many respects there could not be two men more unlike. Mr. Parnell was in manner, and probably in heart, an aristocrat of aristocrats, while Mr. Biggar rather exaggerated the proverbially bad manners of the Ulster trader. The one was a squire, the other a pork merchant; the one was elderly, the other was young; but yet there was a strong resemblance between the two in an immutable obstinacy, an intellectual narrowness, an insensibility to the opinion of others, and a fanaticism of the cold and deadly order. The two quickly formed a combination, and they set out on the system of tactics known as obstruction, or, as they more euphemistically put it, the "active policy." Their first object of attack was the Conservative administration which was then in power, but they had soon to turn their arms against their own leader. Mr. Butt had a placid and easy temper; brought up a Conservative, a lawyer with the lawyer's love of form and technicality, and possessing the kindly disposition that loved almost equally political friend and foe, he had nothing but condemnation for the stern and fierce, and, as he thought, scarcely civilized methods of his subordinates. Nor were these subordinates minded to make their political differences softer by personal demeanor. Though a good natured man, Mr. Biggar was incapable of faith in anything except the downright and invincible wickedness of a political opponent; and Mr. Parnell, though personally courteous to Mr. Butt, had for him the dislike of the fanatic revolutionary for the easy going Girondist. A curious and prescient observation was made by an Irish member who died a few years ago about Butt and Parnell. The late Mr. J. A. Blake, one night seated in one of the strangers' galleries—not being then a member—saw Mr. Parnell come up and speak to some one. "Believe me," he said to Butt, "that young man will kill you." Butt, then in the plentitude of his power, laughed the idea to scorn, and declared that with a word he could drive the presumptuous youth out of parliamentary life; but Mr. Blake proved a true prophet.

It would be re-telling a well known and trite tale to narrate the various scenes in the great obstruction fight; and I must glance at that period very hurriedly. The extraordinary spectacle was presented to the world of the august mother of parliaments, after nearly seven centuries of honored existence; of the most powerful ministry that almost ever ruled in England, flouted, defied, and paralyzed by two men—neither with the smallest pretension to the abilities which usually obtain parliamentary recognition. To appreciate what it all meant one must remember that this was the ministry of Lord Beaconsfield at the period of the fierce struggle over the Eastern question; and that Mr. Gladstone and all his colleagues, after years of tumultuous and vehement agitation, had failed again and again to shake the same administration in one division or to diminish its enormous majority by one vote. Of course men will differ as to the wisdom or the justice of the policy of obstruction; but nobody can deny that there has rarely in history been an instance of a courage so cool, so extraordinary, so insensible to fear, or reproach, or surroundings, so remarkable as that of the two men who fought the obstruction fight. Those who remembered Mr. Parnell in that time could never be surprised by any obstinacy or resolution he afterwards displayed.

The effect in Ireland was to make him the hero of the hour; and when he returned he met with enthusiastic receptions. It is probable that even at that early period the idea of becoming the national leader may have floated before his imagination; but it was some years before the opportunity came. Recent events showed in his career a love of power which was not before suspected, even by those who knew him intimately for many years; but certainly there was a time when he seemed indifferent to everything but the success of the cause. In those days Mr. Parnell was as unlike the man of recent times—at least externally—as if he were a different being. His chief characteristic was an almost morbid self-distrust, and a vague and amused wonder at the fuss which he was creating in the world. I heard him say several times in those days—"The women of our family have the brains; not the men." In 1880, when he had just been elected leader of a small party of less than thirty men, he said to me one night that he had got the length of his tether, and that he never would get any further. There is an even more curious example of this mood. He was asked to write an article for a magazine. Engaged at the time in rushing from one city to another in America, he had not the time—nor, indeed, the inclination—to do so. So he entrusted the work to Fanny, his sister, who had a ready pen. He opened the magazine with the article that bore his name for the first time when he was on board the homeward bound vessel, and then he said in an affrighted whisper to Mr. Healy (at that time his private secretary), "They'll know it wasn't I who wrote it; it's much to good for me."—*London Daily Telegraph.*

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

POLAND'S TRIBUTE.

A Correspondent's Talk With M. Zieminski, the Polish Delegate to the Parnell Obsequies.

The London correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman* gives the following account of the visit of M. Witold Z eminski, the Polish delegate to Parnell's obsequies:

"When the news of Mr. Parnell's death was published in Warsaw a number of representative Polish Nationalists met together and deputed M. Zieminski to proceed to Ireland to convey to the Irish people the deep sympathy of the Nationalists of Poland on the death of Mr. Parnell, and to lay a floral tribute, with the colors of Poland, on the grave of the Irish leader. Unfortunately, owing to the objection of the Russian goverment to allow Irish news to appear in the Polish journals, the exact date of the funeral of Mr. Parnell was not known in Warsaw before the departure of M. Z eminski, and on his arrival in London on Tuesday morning he was grieved to learn that Mr. Parnell had been buried on Sunday. The wreath which he was deputed to lay on Mr. Parnell's grave is a laurel one, entwined in the colors of Poland—red and white. The colors are in two great bands of beautiful watered silk, of Polish manufacture, bearing the following Latin inscription in silver letters:

Egregio libertatius defensori nationi Hibernicæ gloriosissimo duci Polonia contra tyrannos militans. Varsaviæ die vii Octobris, MDCCCXCi.

[From Poland, struggling against tyranny, to the illustrious defender of liberty, the most glorious chief of the Irish nation. Warsaw, Oct. 7, 1891.]

"M Z eminski also brought the following message in French to the Irish people:

"'La nation polonaise exprime a la noble nation irlandaise, sa condolence fraternelle a l'occasion de a perte irreparable du grand chef irlandais, du defenseur de la liberte et de l'independence, Charles Stewart Parnell. Vive l'Irlande! Vive la Pologne!'

"It was the intention of the Polish Nationalists to send an address of condolence to the Irish people, but it would have been impossible to get it engrossed and to bring it away in face of the espionage of the Russian authorities. It was only by great trouble that the silk streamers, with their inscription, were got beyond the frontier. M Zieminski is one of the best types of Polish Nationalist. He is a Catholic barrister and journalist, and a man of great ability. He does not speak English, but he has a most fluent command of the French language. He informed me that the Polish nation regarded with absorbing interest and sympathy the struggle of the Irish people for liberty. "We are brethren,' said he, "in race and religion. We both belong to the same branch of the Aryan family, and one is oppressed by a Teutonic race and the other by the Slav." I expressed sympathy with him on the backwardness of the Polish National cause, and he replied with a sad voice in French, "Ah, we want your Irish methods." He mentioned that the Polish Nationalists enjoyed scarcely any liberty, and he added, "It is only in the most clandestine way we can learn anything of the struggle in Ireland. When Mr. William O'Brien's book, 'When We Were Boys,' was published we began to translate it into a Polish paper in Warsaw, but the moment the Russian authorities discovered that it was a story of revolution they promptly stopped it.'

"M. Z eminski was sorry to learn that the Irish national forces were divided, and he expressed the hope that they would soon be united again. After reiterating his great sorrow at Mr. Parnell's death he took leave of me, with the best good wishes from the Nationalists of Poland to the Irish people, and wished through the *Freeman's Journal*, the only Irish paper known in Poland, God speed to Ireland's struggle for liberty! The tribute forwarded tonight is to be laid on Mr. Parnell's grave."

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." Diseases common to the race compel the search for a common remedy. It is found in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the reputation of which is world-wide, having largely superseded every other blood medicine in use.

A faded or gray beard may be colored a beautiful and natural *brown* or *black*, at will, by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

MEDITATION BESIDE A GRAVE

An Irish Scholar and Poet's View of the State of Ireland.

Parnell's Virtues, Faults, and Misfortunes Sketched With Trenchant Pen.

BY FIONN MAC CUMHALL.

[The following very remarkable communication is from the pen of a well known Gaelic scholar, who only began to study the ancient language and literature of Ireland some five or six years ago. He is not only a *seanaí*, but a poet and a patriot as well. THE CITIZEN does not agree with all his ideas, but gladly gives him space:]

PART I.

"Ceus dofiafraig Fergus do Naoisi, cidh dogheadh ime sin. Dogena, ar Deirdri, mad ferr leisa maice Uisnig do threigen, ceus an fhiedh do caithimh, acht cheus, as mor an ceonach fodi a threigen."—OIDED MAC N-UISNIG.

I sit this morning in a spacious chamber in the heart of a great American city. My desk faces the north, the window that gives me light gives me a northeast prospect, so that whenever I raise my eyes to look on the familiar face of the heavens, I look toward Ireland. The street below throbs with busy life, the great human stream comes and goes for ever, the noise of trade and traffic is all around. Yet I see not the bustling crowds, I hear not the roar of city life, I feel not the influence of this wondrous new world existence, I stand in spirit beside a newly filled grave in a far off city by the sea—in an almost dead city in one of the oldest of lands; I am contemplating the life and the death of a dead man in that dying land, and if for a moment my eyes grow dim with tears for the sad fate of the man and the land, excuse them sweet reader, they are the natural tribute of a heart that had great love for the man and the land.

Beside his new filled grave I stand—
A dead man's in a dying land—
Had'st thou no power that son to save,
Could'st thou but dower him with a grave?
Was no strong hand, no gentle smile
To save him from the siren's wile,
No friend to block the wayward path,
No seer to point the goal of wrath?
A 'hean bhean bhocht, O broken heart!
Like thine no woe no sorrows smart;
Of all thy sons and daughters none
Dared save thy champion being undone.
For whoso scorns to live a slave,
Sad Banba, hast thou but a grave?
For him who thinks and acts the truth,
To save thee, but a grave in youth!—
Eoghan Ruadh, Emmet, Davis, Tone,
And him we weep, the latest gone—
The world's lost sheep thou gatherest in,
But couldst not shrive him from his sin.

So it goes on for ever. No great Irish man's work ever produces fruit. Brian toiled and fought for forty years, till that great day beside the eastern sea crowned his life with victory and death for him—but with ruin for his country and cause. In like manner one day undid the work of the great Aodh O'Neill's twenty years' war and diplomacy. So did Grattan's endeavors and O'Connell's come to nought. The edifice that it took years of blood and sweat and tears to build, disappears in a night, and not a stone of it remains on a stone for others to build upon again. In other lands the son and grandson continue father's work—they take it up where he laid it down; but in Ireland every generation has to begin anew—to begin under the ill omens of remembered defeat and loss of prestige; to begin with second-hand and inferior material all broken and disordered. As soon as a great Irishman falls, his followers never fail to undo the work his life was spent in performing. This fiendish thing is being commenced again in Ireland, and if it succeeds this time, farewell for ever to "Ireland a Nation."

When Parnell lived—when he was entering the path of ruin and death, not one of the snarling slaves that now shout for revenge, or of those who still follow his memory with execrations, had the courage or manliness to dare save him for himself and his country. It was said that a certain prelate told him some years ago to marry some nice Irish girl and give up that wretched London life. Why did not his followers and all Ireland bring all the moral power they possessed to bear on him, and force him to cease being a fool? They knew for years of his infatuation, and they could not but know what the inevitable result would be. But none of the snivelling sycophants was man enough to even make an effort to save him. He knew well what slaves and liars and "rats"—as he once called them—they were, and so he despised them and was false to himself and to his cause.

Of all the so called Irish patriotic papers on either side of the Atlantic, the journal in which this paper is published, was the only one that, during the last five years, dared tell Parnell and his followers the truth. How terribly true its warnings have turned out, all who read them cannot help remembering. Week after week, month after month, and year after year THE CITIZEN begged the Irish people not to trust all to parliamentary agitation. It exhorted them to educate people in a sound, strong Irish public opinion. It called upon the clergy and wealthier and educated classes to bring up their young men as Irishmen having a country to love, serve and be proud of—to cultivate the national language, literature, music and traditions—to give free vent and wide scope to the burning Celtic genius. It told them that mere talk never freed a people and never made a nation. It asked every man to work honestly and sincerely in his way for the cause of true Irish nationality—

The strong man with his sinewy hand.
The weak man with his prayer.

It pointed out where the genius of the people lay, and showed what was Celtic strength and Celtic weakness. It begged, commanded, threatened, expostulated, prophesied, but all in vain. It flashed its electric lamp before the closed eyelids of those who refused to look with open eyes on its light, till their eyeballs quivered at the searching glare, but they would not look and see, but like blind fools rushed headlong into the pit of ruin. It never denied that parliamentary agitation under such a leader as Parnell could do much, very much, for the national cause, but it always insisted on the obvious truth that this was not enough, and that to expect more from it than in the nature of things it could give, was foolish and dangerous, but none of the Irish leaders or people of influence paid any heed till disgrace and death came upon the greatest parliamentarian that they or any other people ever had.

Great a man as was Parnell, it may be well for Irish nationality that he is dead. He never could have arrived at or led the country to the goal of nationality on the path he pursued—that of mere parliamentary agitation—neglecting and despising, as he and his party did, the ancient and true Irish ideals. He was a strong man, and had a hold on the popular imagination that nothing could shake off, so he would have been able to keep mere parliamentary agitation paramount for another decade, and then, except God should raise up Irishmen out of the dust of their dead fathers, an Irish nation would be forever impossible, for the people would be everlastingly chained to English provincialism. The prelates and parliamentarians have between them killed true Irish nationality. To the former we owe the Royal College of Divinity and the "national schools," while the latter, during the last hundred years, have been constantly employed in tying the cause of Irish nationality to the dirty, draggled tail of some English political party. Both of these great powers have been the blind, bitter and consistant foes of everything really Irish, except the money of the people, since the beginning of the century. There have been a few honorable exceptions that prove the rule. The two powers were in league for a long time, now they have quarreled, so that genuine patriots and lovers of real Irish Ireland have a chance, if they take it.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

O'BRIEN ATKINSON'S VIEWS.

In a Letter to Mr. Killeen, of Nashville, He Tells Some Wholesome Truths and Makes Some Interesting Predictions.

[*Nashville Evening Herald.*]

It has been long since an interested public has seen in print so pertinent a review of the situation in Ireland as the following letter from Mr. O'Brien J. Atkinson, of Port Huron, Mich., to the President of the Parnell Branch of Nashville, Tenn.:

PORT HURON, Mich., Oct. 24.—*James Killeen, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.*:—DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your letter, and I thank you for your kind words of approval concerning what I wrote for your eyes at the Chicago convention. I also appreciate your feelings of sorrow over the sudden death of Mr. Parnell, and I cheerfully answer your question as to what I think of the future.

I always like to take a hopeful view, and the Irish people are so wonderful in possibilities, that they may overcome very soon what seems to me to be a great embarrassment.

I do not doubt that under the leadership of the bishops the Irish people were prepared to reject Mr. Parnell, and also to reject what is known as Parnellism in politics; death has removed the leader, but there is no power to remove the principle upon which he acted, and that principle, in my humble judgment, will live and increase, no matter who opposes it. So far as I know Irish history, Mr. Parnell must have credit for creating a party, whose central idea was independence of all English political associations—in fact, it was a proclamation of non alliance with English parties, and yet a constant invitation to co operation upon affairs that concerned Ireland.

Parnell was to Ireland in one respect what Washington was to America, and I recall Washington's advice in his farewell address, as singularly applicable; he advised our people to beware of the baneful effect of party spirit, and of the ruin to which extremes must lead; he tells them to observe justice and good faith towards all nations, and to have neither passionate hatred nor passionate attachments to any, and he urges them to be independent politically of all. This political independence suggested itself to Washington, because our colonial existence had led us into a method of thinking that we ought not to go entirely alone, and there was possible danger of bitter hatred against England and too much passionate friendship for France.

It will be extremely hard for such men as John Redmond, T. M. Harrington and Pierce Mahoney to co operate with the men who opposed Parnell, and who desired an alliance with Gladstone, and I suppose there can be no contest or dispute about McCarthy and his followers desiring such an alliance, and in that alliance the practical absorption of the Irish party in the Liberal party of England.

I fear also that it is not the wish of the twenty six bishops who reside in Ireland to have that country in the enjoyment of complete autonomy or entire independence in legislative affairs.

Those ecclesiastics take a wider view of the situation than is consistent with Irish nationality—in fact they don't care near as much about the nationality as they do about the salvation of souls; for this reason there will always be a conflict between those who desire state supremacy, and this conflict must go on until the church ceases to exercise any influence directly in politics.

I do not, therefore, feel that Mr. Parnell's death has removed the trouble, but I rather fear its increase, so that Ireland is in danger of again settling back into hopeless uncertainty. Parnell, however, has done invaluable service in England, and I think the Irish people will have a local parliament in spite of themselves, and in spite of their undeserving conduct. England cannot expect to check Ireland's ambition forever; it has never failed to bother her, and her people are tired of it; they are also satisfied that coercion is a failure, so they will try the experiment of home rule on their account, and Ireland must take the medicine whether she likes or not, because the English voters will so decide. All of this blessed situation is due to Parnell, and no man can undo it, nor obscure it, and the only error which Ireland can commit is in doing what Washington strongly advised against, by dividing herself into warring party factions with extreme views and a supply of ugly adjectives.

I expect to visit Ireland within five years, and I expect to obtain a ticket for admission into the Irish house of commons at Dublin, from either Mr. Redmond or Mr. Harrington as speaker of that body. I expect also to visit the Irish senate, which will be presided over by some home ruler selected by the Irish voters, but even then I shall be surprised if there are not bitter party divisions and ugly accusations with much personality and unpleasant feeling.

I met Irish statesmen in London in the beginning of this year, who had worked in parliament with others of the Parnell party, and yet they would not speak to each other, although they had never exchanged one single unkind word, and each would profess kindly feelings towards the other. I remember talking on this subject with T. D. Sullivan, who is a literary man and a poet, yet he refused to speak to the men who stood by their own leader, although he believed they were honest in doing it.

I cannot help but repeat a few lines of Dr. Drennen's address over the death of William Orr:

"Hapless nation, hapless land!
"Heap of uncementing sand,
"Crumbled by a foreign weight
"And what is worse—domestic hate."

Still we are going to have a home rule. It will come as the dew and the sunshine, without our agency, and it will bring many blessings.

You are doing a good work, and you are saying many kind things; you are also exposing the best side of Irish affairs to the American gaze, and again I thank you. Yours very respectfully,

O'BRIEN J. ATKINSON.

CUT THIS OUT.

Save This and Wait Until:

Wait until Monday at 9 o'clock. Great consolidated sale of four large wholesale firms that were burnt out. In consequence of the late fire $750,000 worth of men's and boys' fine winter clothing, hats, and other goods have been saved, and it has been decided to move the stock to the three large six story buildings, 143 and 145 Lake street, five doors from LaSalle street, Chicago. These three immense buildings have been rented by the insurance companies expressly for the purpose of this great sale. The three buildings have been closed for one week to arrange for this great fire insurance sale. Sale will commence Monday at 9 o'clock. Everything will be sold at retail 50 per cent less than actual cost, as it is ordered that the entire stock must be closed out within five days. The stock consists of nearly $750,000 worth of the finest quality of high grade clothing for men and boys, saved from the late fire. The appraiser for the insurance company, after carefully examining the stock of clothing, concluded the same was not so badly damaged as claimed by the assured clothing manufacturers, and failing to agree as to actual loss, we were forced to take the stock and turn it into money, and the goods must be sold at once in order to make a final settlement, as this sale will commence Monday at 9 o'clock and only last five days at 143 and 145 Lake street, five doors from LaSalle street, Chicago. This is the first time a sale of such extraordinary magnitude has taken place in Chicago, and will never occur again. In order to show what gigantic bargains will be offered a few prices are mentioned: Men's elegant beaver overcoats, $2 85, worth $16. This $3 85 overcoat is well made, fine quality, heavy cloth, latest style and guaranteed worth $16. This $3 85 overcoat we allow you to keep home four days; if you don't think it worth $16 we hereby agree to return the $2 85. Men's Elysian beaver overcoats, $4 99, guaranteed worth $20. Men's extra fine quality overcoats $8.99, worth $30. An elegant pair of men's winter pants for 98 cents, guaranteed worth $5, or money returned. A splendid suit of men's winter clothes, $3 75; very handsome and guaranteed worth $15. Men's elegant suits, $6 99, worth $20. Men's extra fine quality suits, $8 99, worth $25. A splendid suit of boy's clothes, 98 cents, worth $5. Men's suspenders 10 cents, worth 85 cents. Good umbrellas 69 cents, worth $3, and 100,000 different other goods. Don't fail to call and examine goods and prices at this great fire insurance sale at retail. It costs nothing to call and judge for yourself, and you will find that the above are positive facts. A chance to get such bargains occurs only once in a life time. Remember the address, the three large double buildings, 143 and 145 Lake street, five doors from LaSalle street, Chicago. During this great fire insurance sale all three buildings will be open from 9 in the morning until 9 o'clock at night. Remember this great fire sale does not commence until Monday at 9 o'clock, and will only last five days. Cut this out; save this, and bring it with you to Lake street, near LaSalle street.

MR. T. M. COGHLAN and Miss V. M. Bauer were united in marriage in this city recently. They are now at home to their friends at No. 727 West Twenty-first street, this city.

"My Daughter's Life

Was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says Mr. B. B. Jones, of Alna, Maine. "She had seven running sores in different places on her body, but since giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla she has become well, strong and healthy."

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

A few anxious days dragged by. Suspense and uneasiness deepened. Disquieting rumors increased. At length came tidings of a definite, though very unsatisfactory, nature: the French had really evacuated Castlebar, and the English army was advancing from the southward.

"Last night the general sent away his baggage and cannon and part of his troops totards Sligo, and at seven this morning"—it was Tuesday, Sept. 4—"he followed with the remainder." So said the messenger who brought the news, a refugee from the county town, adding—"Before he left he sent Dr. Ellison and some other loyalist prisoners to Cornwallis, who is at Hollymount, fourteen miles from Castlebar. These were met on the road by the English advance guard of dragoons, who have already entered the town and arrested President Moore, who remained behind. I have barely escaped with my life."

"Humbert marching to Sligo!—then there is no use in our rotting in inaction here—we will join him at Tubbercurry," said Barrett, a resolution which was immediately adopted by the mass of insurgents, one of whom added:

"And our prisoners shall accompany us as hostages for the treatment of our people here by the English, in case they take the town in our absence."

The resolve was speedily acted on, and Col. Barrett rode up to the hill of Ardnaree at the head of about a thousand men.

At a window sat a lady whose glance met his as he passed, a pallid and pensive faced lady, with golden locks falling over sable garments of grief. It was Mabel Fortescue. She vouchsafed him no look or sign of recognition, but looked stonily down, like a statue from its niche, on the passage of the frieze clad column of pikemen. To many the appearance of the sad faced lady in black was as a thrilling presage of woe and disaster.

The route of the marching column took it eastward through Bunnaconlan, where the patriotic wife of O'Dowda—she whose passionate eloquence had induced the warm hearted baron to hazard his all upon the fate of the French invasion—came forth from her cottage, holding by each hand one of her children, and bowed in response to the hearty cheers of the insurgents, and sent with them her blessing to her absent husband.

On they marched; and a grand semicircle of mountains arose around as they began to tread the road leading through the Gap of Slieve Gauv. Onward it wound, leading beneath the shadow of lofty Crumlahmore, and on round the border of lovely Lough Talt, lying blue and tranquil at the base of the massive cliff overhanging it.

This mountain road was (as Parson Nelligan testified when rector of Kilmactage, through which it ran), a striking monument of the energy and engineering skill of the Baron O'Dowda, "who possessed (to use the minister's words) an estate of many thousand acres of these mountains, which were without inhabitants except those 'fe e natu e,' and which were nearly impassable to the active and barefooted native. The immense rocks, steep hills, and deep caverns which everywhere presented themselves, formed as many insuperable difficulties as the passage of the Alps did in former days; but this Hannibal, by labor and perseverance, overcame them all, and has now formed a road where a coach passes six times a week, conveying passengers to and from Ballina and Castlerea, and has shortened the line from Ballina to Banada from twenty to twelve miles." Excellent testimony of the practical worth and grit of the representative Milesian chief who was now bearing a sword beneath the flags of green and tricolor!

Not long after the River Moy was repassed, where it flowed onward by the grey bell tower of the old Abbey of Banada, the cheering news was received that the French main body lay close at hand, encamped within two miles of Tubbercurry.

A slight skirmish here ensued. The town was occupied by a picket guard formed of the yeoman cavalry of the three neighboring baronies (Leney, Corran and Coolavin), under command of Capt. Charles O'Hara, M. P., afterwards a strong opponent of the Union.

After a brief exchange of shots the yeomen retired, leaving some prisoners. Orange accounts state that one of these, an aged fencible captain named Russel, was shot in the back by an insurgent after his capture.

All resistance being over, as was supposed, the French proceeded to occupy Tubbercurry, when a double tragedy occurred. Two yeomen officers, old Lieutenant Knott and his only son, were standing in the long street when the foremost French chasseur came riding in, to fall dead from his horse, slain by a bullet from the younger Knott, who was killed immediately afterwards in retaliation, his father being made prisoner. The old man, deeply afflicted at sight of the bleeding corpse of his son, gave passionate vent to his grief, but found little sympathy, French and insurgents seeming to regard the slaying of the *avant courier* under the circumstances as scarcely short of murder.

Collooney, the next halting place, was sighted about 11 o'clock on the morning of the 5 h. Barrett, who rode along at the head of his Legion, who had hailed his reappearance with hearty shouts of applause, was much diverted during the journey by the narrative of a swarthy, bright eyed young fellow who was most efficient as a cavalry scout, Shemus Dhuv Horkan had been a groom in a gentleman's employment before the landing of the French.

"When did I join!" he repeated, in reply to Barrett's queries; "why, as soon as I could, Colonel, as every Irishman ought to do. I've done plenty of good scouting for them here and there, as Val Jordan can tell you—'twas he that advised the General to take this direction—and I've crossed blades with more than one Hessian and Foxhunter. I know nearly to a man the strength of Lake's blood thirsty crew that are pressing on behind us—a devilish pack, but we shall baffle them. The word is onward, and hurrah for the army of Hardy."

"You have marched rather slowly."

"So you may say. About twelve hours from Castlebar to Swinford, with a rest for refreshment at Barley hill, near Bohola—almost a mile an hour! Not Humbert's fault, though. Yesterday evening he munched his dinner in the open air on Sir William Brabazon's lawn at Swinford, but all he could do couldn't shove on the pace a bit; there was another halt and an emcampment within two miles of Ballaby—ever so much time wasted, and the bloodhounds yelling behind us. At this miserable rate of going we must be overtaken and trapped in less than no time. Not that we care about the rascals of Hessians, for we'd soon send them scooting, as we did the dragoons from Swinford—did you hear how it happened, Colonel?"

"No; but I would be glad to."

"'Twas the night before 'the Races' and three hundred dragoons were coming this road from Sligo to swell the army of Lake at Castlebar. When their two advanced men came to Swinford and put up in Anthony Corley's hotel, we held a council of war how best to keep them back, and great was our loss what to do—that is, the landlord and Patsy Brennan, the blacksmith; and Bill Brabazon, a natural son of Sir William's, and myself, not forgetting the ladies, for there aiding and abetting us were a dashing Tipperary girl, Miss Isabella Ryan, and the darling Miss Larkin, and Miss Brabazon's maid, Kate Brennan. We didn't take long to debate. The two dragoons were sound asleep in bed, so Patsy and myself led out their horses and mounted them, taking carbines, pistols, and all, and Bill took out his father's charger for an airing. The ladies came with us, and all six went to a nice place on the road between Ballaby and Swinford, where the dragoons would have to pass. By and bye their tramp sounded in the distance, coming nearer and nearer; the girls set fire to whins and turf clamps, that blazed up as if the whole French army was in camp; and myself and the other two boys shouted and charged like devils, firing off our guns and pistols like mad, till the poor dragoons, thinking a whole regiment of terrible French cavalry was coming down upon them turned right about and galloped back for their lives to Tubbercurry, where they stood trembling under arms the whole night, expecting to be attacked, and little they knew of 'the Races' until all was over. What think you of that, Colonel—three men and three women putting three hundred dragoons to flight!"

"It was an act of audacious daring, but all honor to the gallant and intrepid performers. Hallo, Billy Moran, you here!"

The burly sergeant, still attired in French uniform, had suddenly and mysteriously appeared, proclaiming his presence with a most obsequious salute.

"Yes, Colonel agra, I have been scoutin' away there to Sligo, an' I've got a message for you—something private, an' intinded only for yourself alone, an' brought from Sligo by special messenger. Maybe you'd do me the favor to dismount till I give it you."

Patrick dismounted and confronted the spy. The latter, with much show of profound and portentous mystery, plunged his large hand in his breeches pocket and drew therefrom a note, which, however, was accompanied in its exit by something else, for a glittering object jumped out and fell upon the grass.

With swift recognition and deep amazement Barrett pounced upon this object. It was the emerald brooch, his gift to Maeve, which Moran, as we have seen, had greedily snatched from the neck of the latter when she lay insensible in the crypts of Killala.

"Scoundrel! how came you by this?"

"She sent it as a token, Colonel," was the ready lying response, "and here is her letter."

One sharp glance of scrutiny Barrett cast upon the note. Then he seized the bearer by the throat and held him until Moran's face grew livid with strangulation and his eyeballs seemed bursting from his head.

"Infamous liar! this note I saw in Miss O'Donnell's own possession; it was not intended for me, but for her brother. And this brooch, too! Wretch, you are in the secret of her disappearance—you know her whereabouts; but you shall reveal them, and at once, or better for you that you were never born."

The spy on being released from that nervous clutch fell half choked upon the sward.

"I know nothing of her," he gasped. "On my soul I don't, Colonel."

"Ruffian, you do—I see your guilt in your face. Another falsehood and you tempt me to slay you as I would some noxious animal. But we will presently find a way of making you speak. Here, men, secure this fellow; on your lives see that he does not escape."

Two members of the Legion seized Moran, bound his hands behind his back, thrust him into the midst of the loyalist prisoners, who were being marched along as hostages, and left him to meditate at leisure on the failure of his shallow plot and his own unpleasant predicament.

Two strange riders preceded the French column as it entered Collooney. One of these was old Lieutenant Knott, who bestrode a wretched nag with close-cropped mane and tail, a wad of straw for his saddle and his bridle a straw rope tied in grotesque fashion round the animal's head. This indignity was shown the old yeoman on account of the action of his son, albeit the latter had answered for that action with his life.

GAELIC POETRY.

Do'n Athair Urramach MacAodhgain do St Louis, Mo

I

A chléirigh ro fhoghlamtha, is truagh lem' chridhe
Go bh-fuil tu ad chómhnuidhe air bhruach Abhann-buidhe,
'S gan thú do bheith thall a measg muintear na nGaedheal,
Oir gan amhrus is tusa a ngrian 'gus a reul.

II

Deunann tu maitheas, mór-mhaitheas annso,
Agus deunfaidh tú maitheas chó fhad a's táir beo,
Acht is cruaidh an tír so do dheagh-fhear mar thú,
Nach saothruigheann le saidhbhreas do cháil a's do chlú.

III

Is cruaidh an tír í d'fhear inntinne gioin'
Le cridhe agus clú, ann a g-caitheamh a liu';
Is tír í gan anam, gan meas a's gan gradh
Acht air shaidhbhreas nach mairean nios faide 'na lá.

IV

Tá tú mórán ro mhaith do'n tír so de bhaois,
A's b'fhéidir nach bh-feicfir do thír féin a ris,—
Do thír féin de bhrón 'gus de'n sgáile tá trom
Air a sineann an dán dubh a lámh leathan lom.

V

'Sé saggart mar thú atá teasduidhe go fíor
Anois measg na d-troid agus bróa mór ár d-tír,
Le taisbaint d' Eireannuighibh boga, gan céill
Nach leanaid an fhirinn, 's nach leanaid acht neul;

VI

Do thaisbeunadh dhóibh-san tá stiuruigh' na slógh
'San olleán beg bocht sin, lán tabáiste 'gus ceo,
Má chailleann sí teanga a laochraidhe ba saor
Go g-cailleann sí ceart a fíor-shaoirse go léir!

VII

Ná leig d'eudóchas aon ghreim air do chridhe
D'fhasgadh go deo, óir is tusa an Saoi
A labhairfeas d'inntinn ós comhair an domhain
Is cuma cia b'é h-é atá ós do chionn.

VIII

Téidh air aghaidh go síor; ná bí eaglach aon uair,
Ná crom do mhór spioraid roimh aon duine fuar,
Má s cléireach no tuata é, óir tiocfaidh an t-am
Ann a maidchaidh fíor-fhir na daoine bhí cam;

IX

Acht tabhairfid a m-beannacht d fhear cródha mar thú
Chuireas sean teanga Eireann roimh an maoi Bheuria nuadh.
Tiocfaidh sliocht fós 'san tír sin mbaidóchaidh go deo
Ná cléirighe 's na tuata d'fhág a d-teanga faoi cheo.

T. O. R.

"My son! my son!" was the continual lament of the distracted father, who in his grief seemed quite heedless of his ignoble position.

Beside him, in striking contrast, rode the vivacious "daughter of the regiment," who, on the occasion of her entry to Collooney, is described by a local historian as "a French amazon, armed cap a pie, and seated on a magnificent and superbly caparisoned charger. Two richly mounted pistols shone in the housing of her saddle: in her hand she carried a glittering sword, which she brandished from time to time; and from under her helmet streamed over her shoulders, down to her horse's back, a profusion of jet black hair, that excited the wonder of the spectators, and gave some a superstitious idea of her powers."

The chasseurs of the vanguard had ridden across the bridge of Collooney when a halt was called for breakfast, and very soon along miles of the road and in the adjoining fields rose the blue smoke of the camp fires, at which sundry culinary operations were in full swing.

The more knowing of the insurgents satisfied their appetites from the fat larder of Templehouse, the seat of the local magnate, a mansion which stood on the site of the castle where formerly waved the ensign of the Knights Templars, emblazoned with the "Agnus Dei." The proprietor, a noted enemy of the United Irishmen, had fled; on the approach of the French his steward, one Paddher Rua Coleman, had rushed into his presence when he was entertaining a party of other loyalists and thrown his master's coin on the table, exclaiming:

"There's your money; take care of it now yourself!"

Coleman and a few others then hurried to join the French. The hungry croppies were now making merry over the contents of old Tom Percival's pantry, cellar, and orchard.

"Val Gordon has ridden away to the front," remarked Bartholomew Teeling to Barrett, as the pair gratefully stretched their limbs on a piece of velvety turf beside the crystal Unioe, or Unnashion, river, water, wood, and mountain making a pleasing panorama around; "that fellow seems to live in the saddle. In hunting for information he seems careless of all danger, and is simply invaluable. The big town of Sligo lies only eight miles away; it depends on his gleanings whether we billet there for the night."

"A fig for your big town," said Barrett, with a laugh; "Sligo would make but a sorry Patna for us, with Lake and Cornwallis tearing along behind us. The open country and the bivouac for ever!"

"Precisely, citizen Colonel. Who would yearn for brick and mortar while we have the bright blue dome above us, the soft grass beneath, and Lisette there to minister to our needs?"

"*Eh bien, Lisette, ma belle,* I smell some thing good here," exclaimed Humbert, coming up at this juncture and sniffing gratefully at the odor of roasting mutton. The raven haired demoiselle, toasting fork in hand, was superintending the cooking of several juicy chops. A number of French officers lay chatting on the grass, as they discussed the matutinal meal.

"There is a sweeter smell still, General."

"Possibly, but, *ma foi,* I would doubt it just now if anyone but yourself told me. And what is it, *ma fille?*"

"The smell of gunpowder, General," replied the amazon, with proud emphasis, evoking a round of merry applause.

Suddenly a peasant came rushing to the spot, alarm painted on his countenance.

"The redcoats are right in front of ye!"

The man, an inhabitant of Collooney—one Michael More Gildea—was explaining to the Irish officers that from the neighboring Ox Mountains, whence he had just descended, he had caught sight of scarlet coats and glittering bayonets on the road towards Sligo, when came the boom of a cannon, a cloud of white smoke was seen on a hill commanding the French and Irish position, a roundshot plunged into the turf near Humbert's seat, and dashed a shower of clay over the *al fresco* breakfast party.

There was an immediate jumping to feet and shouting of commands. Soon came the blare of bugles and the roll of drums calling the men to arms, and quick as thought a thin, blue line of French tirailleurs was seen thrown across the path of the hostile troops advancing.

The latter—to Humbert a mysterious body, and the possible vanguard of a great army—numbered between four and five hundred men. This force, which was composed of the Limerick militia, with detachments of the Essex Fencibles and Twenty-third Light Dragoons, had marched out from Sligo with the plucky object of opposing the progress of the French and insurgents. Its commander, Col. Henry Vereker, M P, for Limerick, was a gallant and popular man, and just the one to animate troops to a determined struggle; and he had an able lieutenant in George Gough, of Woodstown, county Limerick (Father of General Sir Hugh Gough, "the Bayard of India") A humane man was Col. Vereker—in Bank place, Limerick, he was known to have rescued the servant of a lady of his acquaintance from the military ruffians who were lacerating him at the triangle—and a patriotic one, as shown by his siding with Grattan in the house of commons. He now actively inspired his men to the fray, encouraging them with voice and example. His advance guard, under Capt. Vincent, pressed forward and opened fire.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

REPLY OF THE JUNTA.

Demands of the United States Not Acceptable.

CHILI IS NOT IN A GREAT HURRY.

But When the Judicial Authorities Have Finished Their Investigation of the Valparaiso Affair the Result Will Be Communicated to Uncle Sam—Comment of Some of the Principal London Journals on the Momentous Question.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—The following is Chili's reply to the president's telegram of the 23d inst., as telegraphed Thursday by Minister Egan:

"The minister of foreign affairs replies that the government of the United States formulates demands and advances threats that, without being cast back with acrimony, are not acceptable, nor could they be accepted in the present case or in any other of like nature. He does not doubt the sincerity, rectitude, or expertness of the investigation on board the Baltimore, but will recognize only the jurisdiction and authority of his own country to judge and punish the guilty in Chilian territory.

The Time Not Yet Arrived.

"He says the administrative and judicial authorities have been investigating the affair; that judicial investigation under Chilian law is secret and the time has not yet arrived to make known the results; when that time does arrive he will communicate the result, although he does not recognize any other authority competent to judge criminal cases than that established by the Chilian people. Until the time arrives to disclose the result of the investigation he can not admit that the disorders in Valparaiso or the silence of his department should appear as an expression of unfriendliness toward the government of the United States which might put in peril the friendly relations between the two countries."

What a Navy Official Says.

"What do you interpret the reply from Chili to mean?" was asked an official connected with the navy department Thursday evening.

"It means nothing less than an indignant, undiplomatic disregard of our demands and an implied invitation to us to do our worst."

"Well, how does the United States government propose to treat such an affront?"

"The president and secretary of state will insist upon a complete reparation. No such disposition of the matter as is implied in the answer from Chili will be considered for a moment. But the government will go about its work in a conservative and diplomatic way and will insist in the end upon receiving everything that has been demanded."

Meeting of the Cabinet.

The cabinet met promptly at 11:30 Friday morning, all the members except Secretary Foster being present. It is understood that the Chilian situation was discussed, and that Secretary Blaine submitted a draft of a reply to the cablegram of the Chilian minister of foreign affairs received Thursday from Minister Egan. No dispatches were received at either the state or navy departments Friday morning from Chili.

LONDON NEWSPAPER COMMENT.

No Reason Why Chili Should Adopt a Defiant Attitude.

LONDON, Oct. 30.—The Telegraph, referring to the Chilian troubles, says: President Harrison was perfectly justified in acting as he did. Doubtless Minister Egan's appointment has turned out to be the worst that could have been made. His action was a notorious violation of the obligations of neutrality. But there is no reason why the Chilians should adopt a defiant attitude. If they refused to make an investigation and to punish the guilty persons they were acting under the impulse of insensate pride.

More Prudent to Apologize.

The Chronicle thinks that Chili will find it more prudent to apologize and punish the assailants of the American sailors and pay a compensation rather than go up against a stone wall. The Post refers to the naval inferiority of the United States, and says it will be difficult with her present equipment to coerce Chili, and expresses the hope that both parties will modify their attitude before proceeding to hostilities.

Blaine's Pan-America Policy.

The Times, in speaking of the trouble between the United States and Chili, says that the present feeling on both sides is multiplying the occasions for a collision, and that the larger objects of Mr. Blaine's Pan-American policy, the acquisition of a predominant influence over the republics of South America, and their inclusion in a commercial union, are not likely to be promoted by a threat, and still less by an actual declaration of war.

THREE THOUSAND LIVES LOST.

Frightful Effect of the Recent Earthquake in Japan.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—Advices just received from Hiogo, Japan, report that the terrible earthquake that occurred on Wednesday last destroyed the towns of Nagoya, Gifu and Ojaki. All the public buildings and most of the smaller structures in those places were thrown down. In Nagoya, one of the finest cities of the empire, fire broke out and completed the work of destruction. It is estimated that not less than three thousand human beings lost their lives. In the vicinity of Hioga many vessels are reported wrecked.

Waters Violently Agitated.

During the seismic disturbances the waters of the lakes in the surrounding country were violently agitated. Few portions of Niphon island escaped the effects of the earthquake, but the town of Kobe suffered comparatively little damage. The various wagon roads are blockaded by immense heaps of debris, and railroad traffic is entirely suspended. Owing to the complete prostration of the telegraph lines full details of this terrible calamity cannot yet be ascertained.

Women Cannot Vote.

OTTAWA, Ills., Nov. 2.—The women in Cook county will not cast a ballot at the approaching November election for county superintentent of schools. The supreme court of this state has upheld Attorney Boyle and the board of election commissioners in their attitude toward the women, and declared that the clause in the election law which has special reference to the school superintendent is unconstitutional.

TIM HEALY HORSEWHIPPED.

Attacked on the Streets of Dublin by a Nephew of Parnell.

DUBLIN, Nov. 3.—Timothy Healy, McCarthyite member of the house of commons for the northern division of the County of Longford, has been publicly horsewhipped in the streets of Dublin by Mr. McDermott, the nephew of the late Charles Stewart Parnell. It has been in the air that Mr. Healy would, by some one and some how, be called to a prompt reckoning for the exceedingly vigorous speech delivered by him at Longford on Sunday last. Ordinarily Mr. Healy is a remarkably forcible orator, but on the occasion in question he excelled himself, having gone so far as to refer to Mrs. Parnell as "an English prostitute."

Had on His Barrister's Wig.

The particulars of the assault are as follows: McDermott, who is a solicitor, Tuesday morning espied Healy, dressed in his barrister's wig and gown, walking through the Four Courts. Without a moment's delay McDermott drew a horsewhip from under his coat, and rushing upon the astounded commoner, vigorously belabored him with repeated and vigorously delivered blows. Healy was taken completely by surprise, and stumbling, fell upon his back, his wig falling from his head at the same time.

Used His Fists Also.

While Healy was prostrate his enemy continued to remorselessly and unsparingly slash whatever part of his body presented itself. This, however, did not last long, for Healy sprang to his feet and the two men clinched. There was a rapid delivery of fist blows by McDermott and then a short wrestling match, which was concluded in McDermott's favor. The men were separated. McDermott explained to the crowd that the thrashing was on account of Healy assailing Parnell's female relatives.

PERISHED IN THE FLAMES.

Two Michigan and Two Illinois Children Burned to Death.

MT. PLEASANT, Mich., Nov. 3.—Two children of Luther M. Tiffany, living nine miles southwest of this place in Tremont township, were burned to death late Monday night. Tiffany was away from home and the only occupants of the house were Mrs. Tiffany and four small children and a family servant. The women and children were asleep upstairs, and before they could be awakened the entire lower story of the house was on fire. The servant girl rushed from her room and leaped through a window without pausing to open it.

Forgot the Youngest Child.

She fell insensible to the ground, but is not badly hurt. An instant later Mrs. Tiffany dropped the children out of the window one after another, jumping herself at last. In her distraction the woman forgot the youngest child, 2 years old, and not until she reached the ground did she realize that her baby was still in the house. One of the other children whom the mother dropped from above did not reach the ground, but caught on a window ledge and was fatally burned.

Two More Children Perish.

WARSAW, Ills., Nov. 3.—Monday morning Mrs. Eliza Riley locked two of her son's children, aged 3 and 4 years, in the house while she went on an errand. From some unknown cause the house was fired, and before assistance arrived the children were burned to death.

Was the Work of Train Wreckers.

ALTON, Ills., Nov. 3.—If there ever was any doubt that the Chicago express was purposely wrecked on Saturday night that doubt has been removed. Detective Green of the Chicago and Alton railroad late Monday afternoon found an ax and the switch lock in a field near the scene of the wreck. The lock was broken and bore the marks of the ax. The blade of the ax was coated along the edge with brass, showing that it had been used to destroy the lock. The theory now is that robbery was intended, but that the miscreants failed of heart at the eleventh hour.

Worst Kind of a Rascal.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 3.—The marshal of the nobility in the province of Tamboffing, intrusted with the fund for the relief of the starving peasants, reported that vessels containing 100,000 roubles worth of grain, bought with the money intrusted to him, had been wrecked. It was believed the grain was not injured, and that the marshal pocketed the value of it. As nothing more was heard of the wrecked vessels, suspicion arose, and the marshal was accused of the fraud. He disgorged 130,000 roubles and was allowed to escape legal punishment.

Murdered by Tramps.

CENTERVILLE, Mich., Nov. 3.—Edward Jones, 25 years old, has been missing since Oct. 8. Tuesday his body was found in Hog creek, near the cemetery, by friends who had found his shoes near where the remains were recovered. He had on a new suit of clothes when he disappeared, and they had been taken off and thrown on the bank. His shirt was torn and bloody. The coat was saturated in blood. He was known to have had $75 and a gold watch on his person, but they cannot be found. Everything indicates a murder, presumably by tramps.

Murder and Robbery Frustrated.

PARIS, Nov. 3.—A man sleeping on a train running between Paris and Havre was attacked Sunday night by another man, who tried to chloroform him and then shoot him. In the struggle that ensued the man who was attacked caught the cord of the alarm bell, stopped the train and his assailant was arrested. The latter said he was Carolo Boulaverd, a trader of Buenos Ayres, but he refused to answer any further questions. It is surmised that he meant murder and robbery.

Family Murdered by Robbers.

WARSAW, Nov. 4.—A frightful crime has occurred at Osowiec, Poland. A Jewish timber merchant and his entire family of twelve were murdered by robbers, and the house robbed and set on fire and the bodies burned.

Is This Correct, Mr. Rusk?

BERLIN, Nov. 3.—An official at Dusseldorf claims to have discovered among 100 sides of American pork, six that were badly affected with trichinosis, all the pork having been certified as without disease.

Incendiary Fire at Lowell, Mass.

LOWELL, Nov. 3.—The lumber yard of Burnham & Davis was damaged $100,000 by fire. There is but a small insurance. The fire is believed to have been of incendiary origin.

WORLD FAIR MATTERS.

Interesting News About the Columbian Exposition.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN COLONIES

From the Date of Discovery to the Present Day Will Be Illustrated—The Precious Relics of Columbus To Be Exhibited—Liberal Railway and Steamship Rates—Description of Florida's Building.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—Every country and colony in America will be represented at the World's Columbian exposition with a complete exhibit of its resources, products, commercial advantages and the industries and customs of its people. More than two million dollars has already been appropriated by the republics and colonies south of the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio Grande to pay the expense of these exhibits, which is much larger in proportion to population than will be expended by the nations of Europe or even by the states of the great republic of North America. Nearly every government will erect its own building, and the most favorable locations have been reserved for them on the grounds at Jackson park.

Relics of Columbus.

Ample space has also been reserved for the Latin American countries in the several general buildings of which illustrations are shown and it will be granted to exhibitors free of charge. The precious relics of Columbus loaned by the government of Spain and the city of Genoa will be shown in an exact fac simile of the ancient convent of La Rabida at Palos, Spain, in which Columbus found an asylum, with other collections illustrating the history of the Spanish American colonies from the date of the discovery to the present day. It is proposed to secure the attendance of families representing all the native races of America, from the Esquimaux of Greenland to the savages of Terra Del Fuego, and have them live on the grounds of the exposition and pursue their occupations as they do at home.

Presidents of Republics to Attend.

The steamship companies have made liberal concessions to exhibitors and to persons intending to visit the exposition, and round-trip tickets to Chicago via New Orleans and the Illinois Central railway will be sold at very low rates from all the ports of Central and South America and the West Indies. Accomplished agents and couriers speaking the Spanish language will meet each steamer upon its arrival and escort parties of tourists in special cars to Chicago, where Spanish American hotels will be especially provided for their accommodation, and intelligent attendants furnished whenever necessary. The presidents of all the American republics will be especially invited to attend the exposition as guests of the United States, and many of them have already signified their acceptance.

FLORIDA'S EXHIBIT.

Fort Marion, Built in 1620, Will Be Reproduced at Chicago.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Nov. 3.—Florida's exposition building will be a full-sized reproduction of Fort Marion, which was built at St. Augustine in 1620, and is believed to be the oldest building in the United States. It is of stone and covers a space of about 150 feet square. The walls are 20 feet high and 9 feet thick at the base. It is a rectangular structure, the interior court being about 75 feet square. Within the fort are some twenty-four rooms. The reproduced structure on the fair grounds will be frame, covered on the outside with the phosphate rock of Florida, to give it the appearance of stone. The walks on the parapet and within the inner court will be covered with the celebrated pebble phosphate of Florida.

Tropical Plants of Florida.

This use of the material will constitute the state's phosphate exhibit. The old fort is encompassed about with a deep moat. This moat will also be reproduced, and will constitute a sunken garden in which will be shown all the tropical plants of Florida—the pineapple, banana, rice, sugar cane, oranges, etc. It is contemplated to partition off a portion of the moat and fill it with water and have there several alligators and, perhaps, crocodiles. Several of the old Spanish cannon that once did service at the fort will be taken to Chicago. The Florida building promises to be one of the most unique of the state structures.

Sir Henry Wood's Report.

LONDON, Nov. 3.—Sir Henry Wood, the British commissioner to the exposition, who recently visited Chicago, has made a report to government. The report is very elaborate, and is about 10,000 words in length, and deals with a great variety of details concerning the exposition. Subjoined to the report are plans and descriptions of the grounds and buildings, the regulations for installation, transportation, etc.; mail facilities, and other important data. In concluding his report, which is exceedingly favorable to the exposition, Sir Henry Wood says that he has no doubt whatever of its ultimate success.

Intending Exhibitors.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—The number of intending exhibitors who have applied for space at the exposition reached 1,623 on Oct. 24. This is a much larger number than the centennial had at a correspondingly early date. The number does not include any foreign applications, all of which are made to their respective national commissions.

Bloodshed Imminent.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 3.—Alec, who shot and killed Editor Bowen, of the Cotulla Times last summer, was taken to Frio county Monday for trial. It is reported that much ill feeling exists in the county, and that bloodshed is imminent. Governor Hogg telegraphed here for the state military to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to Frio county at a moment's notice.

Minister Lincoln Going to Italy.

LONDON, Nov. 3.—United States Minister Lincoln and the military attache of the American legation, Major Post, will leave this city tomorrow for Italy and the east. They will be absent for a month.

News of the Cruiser Boston.

ST. LUCIA, West Indies, Nov. 3.—The United States steamer Boston, en route for Valparaiso, arrived here Sunday. After coaling she will continue on her voyage.

RELEASED THE CONVICTS.

The Miners at Briceville, Tenn., Carry Out Their Threat.

KNOXVILLE Nov. 2.—Some time ago the miners of Briceville threatened to release the convicts who were working in the mines and practically taking the bread from their mouths. Friday night they acted. The first attack was made at 9 o'clock on the stockade of the Tennessee Mining company at Briceville. The stockade was surrounded by at least three thousand miners armed with Winchesters. The guards were overawed by the superior numbers and offered no resistance, feeling that it would be useless and probably result in great loss of life.

One hundred and forty-one convicts were attired in citizens' suits and released after which the stockade and three other buildings were burned. The miners then made an attack on the stockades of the Nashville Iron company at Coal Creek, where they overpowered the guards. Convicts to the number of 330 were furnished citizens' suits and released. The stockades at Coal Creek were also burned. It has been ascertained that a large number of citizens' suits were purchased several days ago. It is reported that most of the miners have gone toward the Kentucky line.

Another Stockade Attacked.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 2.—At an early hour Monday morning 200 convicts at Oliver Springs were liberated by a band of armed and mounted men, who rode into that place from the direction of the mountains. After liberating the prisoners the stockade was set on fire and burned. The convicts for the most part were furnished with citizens' clothes by their liberators. The band had no trouble in setting the convicts free. The guard was evidently overawed and offered no resistence. It is reported that it is the intention of the miners to liberate the convicts now confined at Tracy City, but no confirmation of this rumor can be had at present. It is estimated that there are at least 500 convicts now at large, who have been given their liberty by the miners. The governor left early Monday morning for Nashville

Escaped Convicts Arrested.

MT. VERNON, Ky., Nov. 2.—Ten of the Briceville and Coal creek convicts were arrested and jailed here Sunday night. The sympathy of the people generally is with the miners.

CLOSED ITS DOORS.

The Maverick National Bank of Boston in Trouble.

BOSTON, Nov. 2.—The national bank examiner, acting under the instructions of the controller of the currency, has closed the Maverick National bank. The street has been full of rumors concerning the Maverick bank ever since the tragic death of Irving A. Evans, who was said to be a debtor The deposits of the bank amounted to about $10,000,000 in round numbers Sept. 30. During the last week many deposits have been withdrawn or very much reduced, so that the total is about $8,000,000, of which about $3,000,000 are industrial deposits and the other $5,000,000 are due to other national banks. Sept. 30 the assets of the bank included the capital of $400,000, the surplus of $800,000, and undivided profits of a little more than $200,000. allowing for all shrinkage of assets. The depositors may expect a dividend of 75 cents on the dollar.

Other Banks to the Rescue.

At a meeting of the Boston national banks at the clearing house Monday morning the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Voted—that it is the judgment of the clearing house that all of the banks constituting the association should at once combine to relieve the necessities of the depositors of the Maverick National bank by making the written agreement among themselves to advance money to such depositors upon the security of the assignment of their claims against said Maverick National bank."

The banks voted to assess themselves 3 per cent. of the amount of their loans. This will raise about $4,000,000 for loan to the Maverick bank depositors.

Quay After the Newspapers.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 30.—Senator Quay Thursday brought suit against the Pittsburg Post in general and Albert J. Barr and James Mills, editors, for criminal libel, based on editorials printed in that paper, charging Quay with receiving $8,877 as his share of the profits of Bardsley's operations in state funds. Senator Quay's lawyer also entered civil suit for libel against the Pittsburg Post for $100,000 damages. Attorney Thomas M. Marshall said: "We are now preparing papers to bring criminal and civil suits for libel against every paper that published the slander, and also against Chairman Kerr of the Democratic state committee."

Negro Hanged by Negroes.

COVINGTON, La., Oct. 29.—Jack Parker, colored, was taken from his cell by a mob of negroes Wednesday night and hanged to a tree in the jail yard for the murder on Oct. 8 of Joe Handy at Alita Springs.

MONROE, La., Oct. 30.—A negro named Snowden was arrested in West Monroe Tuesday, charged with burning the residence of Squire Emery in Lincoln parish, Sunday night while the family was asleep. The inmates had a narrow escape from cremation Wednesday the negro was taken from a train near Choudrant Station and hanged to a limb of a tree.

Death of Hawaiian Minister Carter.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—Mr. H. A. P. Carter, Hawaiian minister to the United States, died early Sunday morning in the Everett House in this city, where he had been hopelessly ill for the past two months. Mr. Carter was born in Honolulu in 1837, of American parents. He was educated in Boston and then returned to Honolulu, where he later held many important official positions, among them that of minister of foreign affairs.

Terrible Crossing Accident.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 2.—Word has just been received here from Aurora to the effect that while a farmer named Jackson, accompanied by his wife and child, was driving over the New York, Lake Erie and Western road track his wagon was struck by a locomotive, all three of the occupants being killed.

Lake Steamer Wrecked.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., Nov. 2.—The steamer Passaic of Detroit, lumber laden, foundered off this port in a gale early Sunday morning. No small boats belonging to the steamer came ashore with the wreckage, and it is thought the crew was picked up, as four vessels were seen in the offing.

1891 November. 1891						
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
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29	30					

NEWS BRIEFLY STATED.

Happenings of a Week Given in Condensed Form.

Lee Green, who murdered the family of Farmer Lowe near Queen City, Tex., was taken from jail, fastened to a tree and burned alive.

Edward Pinter, the American who professed to be able to make gold and has just finished six months' imprisonment in London, has been rearrested for trying to swindle in Switzerland.

In a railway disaster near Moirans, France, fifty persons were killed and thirty seriously wounded.

The body of Mrs. Huston, who left her home at Tawas City, Mich., while under the influence of morphine, was found washed up on a sandbar in the bay below Hale Town. She was one of the early settlers of Tawas.

T. E. McNamara of Cincinnati has made an assignment, with liabilities of $69,000 and assets $25,000

Martin Thulmann, convicted at San Francisco of using the mails to defraud, has been sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment and to pay a fine of $500.

Secretary Tracy has named the 2,000-ton cruiser, soon to be launched at Baltimore, the "Detroit."

James Gordon Bennett was a passenger on the steamer La Gascogne, which has arrived at New York.

Efforts are being made to form a Tammany association at St. Louis.

The billiard match at New York was won by Slosson—800 to 592 for Schaefer.

Fire at Evansville, Ind., did damage to the extent of $80,000.

The Iowa supreme court has ordered the Iowa Central railroad to maintain and operate that part of its line between Northwood and Manley Junction.

Anarchists at Barcelona, Spain, are preparing to celebrate the anniversary of the execution of the Chicago Anarchists.

* * *

Two boys have been arrested at Croydon, England, for trying to wreck express trains. They said they wanted to see a train wrecked.

The Chicago and Eastern Illinois railway bridge at Shelbyville, Ills., will be open in November.

Ground has been broken by the Cincinnati Corrugating company for another tin-plate mill at Piqua, O.

Pastor J. H. Williams of the Methodist church at Newman, Ills., has been deposed by the quarterly conference on charges of telling untruths.

At New York the receipts of the six-day bicycle race, amounting to $34,706.60 has been distributed. Martin, the winner of the first prize, received $1,221.

C. W. Williams, the horseman of Independence, Ia., has been offered $50,000 by the citizens of Davenport to remove his extensive stables to that city.

Five ice houses belonging to Sullivan & Nunan at Buffalo, were burned. Loss, $50,000; insured.

Ex-State Agent Wynn of the Georgia Farmers' Alliance has settled his $30,000 shortage with the state Alliance exchange.

Preston Twitchell, connected with the Mexican Central road, was assassinated by an unknown party in Chihuahua. Twitchell was a captain in the federal army during the war and was from Ohio.

Frank Taylor, a farmer of West Quincy, Mo., was stopped by highwaymen. His wallet was not opulent, only $17 being secured.

The reaper works built by William N. Whitely at Springfield, O., at a cost of $1,500,000, have been sold at public auction for $300,000.

The residence of Dr. Ravoglia, the Italian consul at Avondale, O., burned, causing a loss of $10,000.

The report of Lieutenant Andrews, government inspector, shows that the Madison company ranks highest in the Wisconsin militia.

* * *

Paraguay, through its congress, has decided to take part in the Columbian exposition.

Charles Frobel, a Mascoutah, Ills., farmer, was kicked to death by a vicious horse.

At Cairo, Ills., the sheriff seized the personal property and timber products of the Wolverine Lumber company of Detroit, upon an execution of $20,000 in favor of the Alexander County National bank.

Contractor Connelly of Ottawa has been arrested. His firm is alleged to have swindled the Canadian government out of about $1,000,000.

The balance in the national treasury is reported to be increasing. The figures Wednesday were $143,771,051.

Accidental crossing of telephone and electric street car wires at Richmond, destroyed the switchboard in the telephone office and many instruments. The loss will reach several thousands of dollars.

At a meeting of the Wisconsin Base Ball league directors at Oshkosh, it was decided to award no club pennant, A. E. Mountain of Marinette, was elected president of the league.

John Winters, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Henry county, Ia., died at his home at Mount Pleasant.

Minneapolis is interested in a surfeit of bogus $2 bills. United States officers are investigating.

Ives won the billiard match with Carter at Milwaukee—600 to 183. Ives averaged 30.

The United States fish commission reports that the experiments made in 1889 and 1890 with trout in the waters of the Yellowstone National park have proved successful.

Four detachments of cavalry have been sent out over the Cherokee strip to eject all boomers and confiscate all cattle. As soon as the strip is clear they will go into winter quarters there and keep it clear.

* * *

News from Johnstown, Pa., states that Dr. D. W. J. Hammond and wife entered suit against the Southern Pacific railway, asking $65,000 damages for injuries received in the disaster on that line Nov. 12, 1890. The couple were caught in the wreck while on their wedding trip and never fully recovered from their injuries.

John T. Henderson, 70 years old, of Twiggs county, Ga., was decoyed to his door and shot dead

A conflict between Turkish troops and an armed band under command of Chiefs Zaulas and Mauris, champions of the Cretan Christians, has occurred near Milopotamos. Thirty of those engaged in the fight, including Chiefs Zaulas and Mauris, were killed.

Mrs. John Patterson of Creston, Ia., has brought suit against four parties in that town for selling liquor to her husband, who is a prominent politician.

Arthur Retan, a merchant of Adrian, Mich., was awarded $30,000 damages for the loss of both feet, which were cut off by a Lake Shore train last spring.

John Fanning of Albion, Mich., has been appointed superintendent of Michigan's school for the blind and Mrs. John J. Bush of Lansing, matron.

James McCoy, a farmer living near Boone, Ia., was robbed by highwaymen. McCoy was returning home with the proceeds of a sale of a drove of hogs in his pocket.

Alphonso Sachse of Chicago is alleged to have gone to St. Paul and there secretly obtain a divorce from his wife and then married Miss Anna A. Schenarth.

It is reported that Connor, Richardson, Rusie and Buckley have signed with association teams.

Marshes in the upper Kankakee valley in Illinois are burning. Hundreds of tons of hay have been destroyed.

Columbus Downs has been sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for horse stealing. This is Mr. Downs' third term at Chester. Sentence was passed by the court in session at Benton, Ills.

The United States grand jury at Des Moines, Ia., has discharged Mrs. Ann M. Wood, the lady who was charged with violating the postal laws by sending postal cards through the mails, on which was written matter slanderous to other parties.

By an explosion of dust in a handle factory at St. Louis, two men were fatally burned.

* * *

Lee Hughes, colored, was hanged at Brenham, Tex., for the murder of his wife.

Vaqui Indians descended on the village of Santa Rosa, near Guaymas, Mex., Oct. 19 and massacred several of the inhabitants.

By a decision of the secretary of the interior 60,000 acres of land in Minnesota claimed by two railroads were thrown open to settlement, neither road having a valid claim.

The Methodist social union of Cincinnati entertained the board of bishops with a banquet and reception at the Scottish Rite cathedral. About 500 guests sat down to the banquet.

The Wolf & Davidson ship yard at Milwaukee has been sold to Fred C. Starke for $250,000.

The R. B. Cotter company, wholsale lumber dealers at Louisville, has assigned with liabilities of $400,000, and nominal assets of $400,000.

The American institute of architects closed their convention at Boston, after deciding to have a meeting in Chicago during the World's fair.

Minneapolis mills ground 205,720 barrels of flour last week against 196,600 barrels the preceding week, and 157,850 barrels for the corresponding period of 1890. The production was the largest on record.

An engineer at Chemnitz claims to have constructed the smallest working engine in the world. The machine fits into an ordinary nutshell and is of sufficient power to drive a cotton reel.

Newspaper men from several southern states met at New York and organized the Southern Associated Press.

Diphtheria is prevalent in towns about Vandalia, Ills.

Governor Peck of Wisconsin has refused to pardon John Jambor, who attempted to kill ex-Mayor Secor of Racine with a bomb a number of years ago.

Orville L. Smith of Denver, president of the Smith Brooks Printing company, has been indicted with William M. Bliss, George Raymond and James P. Handley on charges of forgery, larceny and embezzlement. It is alleged that they defrauded the city.

It is pointed out as an interesting fact that people with a tendency to consumption are never bald. On the contrary, they usually possess a luxuriant head of hair.

* * *

Governor Hovey of Indiana has pardoned Emmet Wilson from the Indiana penitentiary. Wilson is a boy who was sent up for two years from Indianapolis for breaking into a store. His term is something over half expired. A memorable incident of Wilson's crime was that his own father, who was a policeman, arrested him in the act of burglarizing the store.

There are nine national banks using 4½ per cent. bonds as a basis for circulation, the number having been reduced by two during the last week. The amount of these bonds so used is $199,400, and the comptroller of the currency has directed that they be replaced by interest-bearing bonds.

A $10,000 model of a stamp mill for reducing copper, now the property of the state museum of Michigan, will be shown at the World's fair. This model was made and presented by the Calumet and Hecla Copper company.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 7, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Mr. Willard in "Judah."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Country Circus."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"A Jolly Surprise."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Mr. Potter of Texas."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Hole in the Ground."

THE AUDITORIUM.
Corner Wabash avenue and Congress street.—Grand Opera.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union Robert Mantell.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Stowaway."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Birds of a Feather."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets—"Old Jed Prouty."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—"A Pair of Kids."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"G.," Woonsocket, R.I.—There is much merit in the piece but it is not up to our standard. Many thanks for kind expressions.

"EDWARD FROLEY," Memphis, Tenn.—The Life of Wolfe Tone, edited by his gallant son, and published in Washington, D. C., in 1826, is out of print. Write to M. H. Gill & Son, Upper O'Connell street, Dublin, and they may be able to find you a reprint copy.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

MR. LECKY'S LAW OF COMPENSATION

Mr. Lecky, the historian who has won a place in English literature equal to Macaulay and immeasurably superior to Froude, is by birth and blood an Irishman. Unfortunately, he is, if not a Tory in politics, a Unionist, and the able manner in which he puts forward plausible, but fundamentally unsound, arguments does more damage to the national cause than if he were to inveigh against the Irish race, root and branch, after the manner of Froude and Macaulay. Mr. Lecky has an article in a recent number of the *North American Review* entitled "Ireland in the Light of History." It is a lie which is not all a lie. He gives facts in reference to Irish history clearly enough, but he forgets to state the causes which made the facts. Thus, in referring to the passage of the Union act in 1800 he says:

"The great majority of the county members and the great preponderance of petitions were against the Union, and the opposition to it, which was led by Foster, Grattan, Parsons and Plunkett, comprised nearly all the independent and unbribed talent in parliament. The very eminent ability of that small group of Protestant gentlemen never flashed more brightly than in the closing scenes, and there was a moment when the attitude of the Orange men and the yeomanry was so menacing that the government were seriously alarmed. But a lavish distribution of peerages and places purchased a majority, and the troops stationed in Ireland were too numerous for armed opposition to be possible. In truth, however, no opposition beyond the dimensions of a riot was to be feared. Outside Dublin, Catholic, Presbyterian, and seditious Ireland remained almost indifferent. Even before the measure had passed, opposition speakers complained bitterly that they were deserted by popular support; and it is a memorable fact that in the general election that followed the Union not a single Irish member of parliament was defeated because he had voted for it.

"Pitt intended the Union to be immediately followed by measures admitting the Catholics into the imperial parliament, paying the priests, and commuting the tithes. If these three measures, or even if the last two (which were, in truth, the most important), had been promptly carried, the Union might have become popular. The Catholic question had, of late, been greatly mismanaged. The chief men who directed the government in Ireland were bitterly opposed to any concession of political power to the Catholics, but the views of the English ministers had been materially changed. They desired above all things to separate the Catholics from the United Irishmen, and in 1793 they forced upon their reluctant advisers in Ireland an act which extended the suffrage to the vast ignorant Catholic masses, though it left the Catholic gentry still excluded from parliament. Two years later Lord Fitzwilliam was sent over with instructions to postpone the question if possible, but with authority, as he believed, to carry emancipation if it could not be postponed, and he found the Irish Parliament perfectly prepared to pass it. But the opposition of the king and a question of patronage produced a fatal division and led to the recall of the viceroy. The passions aroused by the rebellion greatly increased the difficulties of admitting Catholics to a separate parliament, but there is clear evidence that at the time of the Union the Irish Protestants were in favor of their admission into the imperial one. The dispositions of the king were well known, but it was believed that, if the scheme of Pitt was submitted to him as the matured policy of an united cabinet, he must have yielded. It is well known how the plan was prematurely revealed; how Pitt resigned office when the king refused his consent; how the agitation of the question threw the king into an access of insanity; and how Pitt then promised that he would not again raise it during the reign. Pitt's conduct on this occasion is, and probably always will be, differently judged. There can be but one opinion of its calamitous effect upon Irish history.

"Ninety years have passed since the Union, and the conditions of Ireland have completely changed. The whole system of religious disqualification and commercial disability has long since passed away. Every path has been thrown open, and English professions, as well as the great colonial and Indian services, are crowded with Irishmen. The Established Church no longer exists. Representation has been placed on a broadly democratic basis, giving Ireland, however, an absurdly disproportioned weight in the representation of the kingdom, and its poorest and most backward districts an absurdly disproportioned weight in the representation of Ireland. Finally, an attempt has been made to put down agrarian agitation by legislation to which there is no real parallel in English history, and some parts of which would have been impossible under the constitution of the United States. Landlords who possessed by the clearest title known to English law the most absolute ownership of their estates have been converted into mere rent-chargers. Tenants who entered upon their tenancies under formal written contracts for limited periods have been rooted forever on the soil. Rents have been reduced by judicial sentence, with complete disregard both to previous contracts and to market value, and the legal owner has had no option of refusing the change and re-entering on the occupation of his land."

The apathy of the Irish people in regard to the election that followed the Union Act is explained by the disgust which they felt at the obliteration of their distinctive nationality. They took no interest whatever in the foreign parliament to which they were allowed to send representatives, and, consequently, the whole business went by default. The Irish Catholic masses were not given the franchise in 1793. Only a part of the people enjoyed that privilege. The forty shilling freeholders—the men who carried O'Connell to victory in Clare—were disfranchised after the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act, with the most fatal after consequences to them.

The proposition to pay the Catholic clergy was a favorite idea of William Pitt, but the vast majority of the priests spurned the degrading bait, and when O'Connell rose to power he repudiated the contemplated foul arrangement with unmitigated scorn, just as he afterward did the proposal of the English government that it should have the right of veto whenever the Pope appointed a bishop to an Irish see. But the successors of Pitt did succeed in placing one Catholic institution in Ireland under obligation to the foreign government in the matter of endowment—the ecclesiastical college of Maynooth. Many of the most patriotic of the Irish priests were ordained from that institution, but it was not to be thanked for it. There also went forth from its halls many who were not patriots, and who regarded the Queen of England as their legitimate ruler. One good result of the fall of the Irish Protestant church establishment was that Maynooth fell with it.

The average anti-Irish Irishman, like Mr. Lecky, never fails to dwell on the advantages resulting to the Irish from being admitted to the civil as well as military service of the British empire. What difference do a few generals, colonels, ministers plenipotentiary or civil service clerks, more or less, make to Ireland? Do they compensate her for the loss of prestige as an independent nation? Do they make up for the loss of her trade and commerce? Can they offset the decay that has fallen upon her fortunes since the Union was accomplished? Mr. Lecky must have a petty soul, no matter how great his mental gifts, if he asks Irishmen, Protestant or Catholic, to be satisfied with their provincial condition simply because Sir Frederick Roberts commands in India or Sir Patrick Mulowney lays down the law to the Bermudians. Is Ireland any better off because the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, whose name will be forgotten by the next Irish generation, caught liver complaint while governing a set of Malays for England in a tropical island? How much credit has Ireland derived from Lord Castlereagh, who cut his throat after having performed the same operation on his country, or from "So help me God" Keogh, the ermined traitor, who also severed his carotid artery in a Belgian asylum?

Ireland begins to look like a waste. In three provinces ruin presents itself constantly to the traveler, and in the fourth, which has always enjoyed peculiar advantages, prosperity seems to be concentrated in and around Belfast, the home of the Irish ship building and linen industries. Mr. Lecky, and renegades of his stamp, may console themselves with the idea that they are Britishers pure and simple; that their Irish birth was an unfortunate accident which they can live down by a prolonged process of political or literary prostitution of their talents, but they can impose only on the most simple. The English, who love their own country at least, despise them, no matter how powerful or prosperous they may become. The lot of the Irish Nationalists is, at best, a hard one, but would the poorest of all of them change places with Castlereagh or Keogh?

HON. W. K. SULLIVAN.

The Hon. Wm. K. Sullivan, one of Chicago's best known newspaper men, retired from the editorship of the *Evening Journal* on Nov. 1. Mr. Sullivan became connected with the Chicago *Tribune* in 1868, and was, for many years, the editorial correspondent of that paper in different parts of the country. He was elected to the state legislature in 1870 and served in that body with distinguished ability. He was the nominee of the Republican party for clerk of the criminal court in November, 1873, and was defeated with the entire ticket, polling, however, a highly complimentary vote.

Mr. Sullivan, who is a man of remarkably fine physique, enjoyed excellent health until within the last year. He had a severe attack of la grippe, which has left its effects upon him, and his physicians insist that he must try a tropical climate. He has, therefore, arranged for a trip to the Bermudas, and will be absent indefinitely. All Chicagoans will be sorry to lose the services of Mr. Sullivan as a journalist. He has always been the soul of honor, and he never wrote a line that could make the most sensitive of human beings feel bitter toward him, although he never shrank from castigating such public servants as fell short of their duty to the people. His connection with the *Journal* has lasted during the better part of twenty years. He began as city editor, and reached the highest rung of the ladder of promotion when he succeeded the late Hon. Andrew Shuman as editor in chief. He is one of the large stock holders in the *Journal* company, and we understand that his interest will be retained. THE CITIZEN wishes Mr. Sullivan a prosperous voyage and speedy restoration to health and to Chicago.

"ON THE BORDER WITH CROOK."

The latest addition to Indian literature is Captain John G. Bourke's "On the Border With Crook," a large, handsome volume recently brought out by Scribner. Captain Bourke was chief aide de camp of General Crook for many years, and had rare opportunities of accumulating, compiling and digesting information which is invaluable in a historical sense, and which will serve to throw a strong light on the latest and bloodiest of the wars of the United States government with the aborigines of this continent. But it is not alone in the matter of history that Captain Bourke's volume is valuable. It has a peculiar raciness of style which carries the reader easily along, and the conscientious preciseness of its statement interferes in no way with the charm of the narrative. The gallant captain speaks but little of himself, although the survivors of Crook's various commands know full well that no better officer served under the famous general than the author of the splendid work of which we are treating.

Hitherto most that has been written about Crook was confined to his experiences with the Sioux, but Captain Bourke, while dealing liberally with that branch of his subject, gives the world details of the wonderful Arizona campaigns, conducted by his old leader, of which most people have been hitherto in ignorance. The leading characteristics of the lamented Crook—utter forgetfulness of self and an invincible determination to perform his whole duty at any cost—are brought strikingly into the foreground. The pursuit and final capture of Geronimo, the ablest and most cunning of Apache chiefs; the dangers to which Crook exposed himself in the prosecution of that arduous chase, and the hardships which all of the command suffered, without reference to rank, make a splendid companion picture to the experiences of the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition, under the same general, in 1876-7, which are graphically described by the able author.

General Crook, as anybody who knew him well can testify, was a charming personality, and nobody has painted his mental portrait with more fidelity than Captain Bourke. In describing the general's person, the captain credits him with being six feet, or a little over, in stature. Crook may have been a six footer in his younger days, but in the latter part of his life he did not look to be much, if anything, above the middle height. The great hardships he endured told, no doubt, on his originally fine physique as he advanced in years, and, in fact, his sudden and unlooked for death resulted from disease of the vital organs contracted in discharge of as onerous duties as ever fell to the lot of an American soldier.

The army and the country in general cannot help feeling grateful to Captain Bourke for having, so to speak, embalmed the memory of a national hero in a book that future generations of Americans, as well as the present, will read with wonder and delight.

HON. JOHN P. SUTTON.

The many friends of the Hon. John P. Sutton, the brilliant and indefatigable secretary of the Irish National League of America, gave that gentleman a complimentary banquet at the Capital Hotel, Lincoln, Neb., last Thursday evening. Over one hundred prominent gentlemen of that city and vicinity participated in the affair, which was most enjoyable from every standpoint. The arrangements were ably carried out under the direction of Mr. David Fitzgerald, who was chairman of the committee. Among the visitors was the Hon. M. V. Gannon, of Omaha, president of the Irish National League. In responding to the toast of his health, Mr. Sutton gave a vivid picture of the workings of the League from the time of its organization to the present, and said that all that was needed for the successful working out of the problem of Irish independence was union among Irishmen at home and abroad. THE CITIZEN heartily concurs in the views expressed by Mr. Sutton. There is no use in thinking that Irish liberty, in any shape, can triumph while those miserable faction fights are in progress.

A JOURNALISTIC GHOUL.

The individual who occupies the editorial chair in the office of the *Irish Catholic* is a journalistic ghoul of the worst and most forbidding type. Trampling under foot the generous traditions of the people whose cause he professes to champion, and violating the elementary doctrines of the church of which he is a self-constituted apostle, this cranky, contemptible scribe continues his vile campaign of slander and calumny against Mr. Parnell's memory. The editor of the *Irish Catholic*, not content with having fallen into the heresy of declaring that charity could scarcely find a place at the grave of the late Irish leader, delivers himself in the latest issue of his sheet of an indecent and dastardly criticism of the various poems commemorating the great loss sustained by the Irish nation in the demise of Mr. Parnell. The criticism in question is all the more dastardly in having been addressed to several young Irish ladies who were the authors of these tributes of song to the memory of a great man—ladies of high culture and gentle training, born of Catholic parents, and good members of the Catholic communion. And yet their conduct is referred to as satanic by the saintly scribe of the *Irish Catholic*! It is pitiable to have to admit that any Irish pressman could be so far lost not only to chivalry but to the merest proprieties of language as to assail the fair fame of ladies who have laid poetical wreaths on the grave of one of their country's greatest benefactors.

One of these ladies is Miss Dora Sigerson, the talented and accomplished daughter of Dr. George Sigerson, who was at one time the brilliant editor of the Dublin *Irishman*. Miss Sigerson is well and favorably known as a poetess of worth and promise, and is a valued contributor to various newspapers and magazines. The following lines from her tribute to Charles Stewart Parnell will be read with interest:

Dead, you are dead, grief flies on swallow's wing
And leaves us stunned and very desolate,
The pen is dropped that hath proposed to sting,
Your enemies grew silent awed by fate.

Beating the gates of death they will not shriek,
Nor strike you with the poison of their tongue.
Here they have judged, and there they dare not speak,
Justice is now, God's gates behind you swung.

Tonight must Erin hide her head for shame,
With cheeks too hot to bear a single tear,
You dead, your foes bring bay who brought but blame,
So coming late they desecrate your bier.

The mighty brain is now forever still,
Still with its past; still with its thoughts unborn,
Had not the great heart broke the iron will,
And led us bravely till the dawn of morn.

Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, another of the young ladies whose poetry has called forth the thunder of the *Irish Catholic* has also a touching lyric on the same subject an extract from which will well merit perusal:

See! the brave hands swift to strike in battle,
Folded lie upon a marble breast—
God! to think our cries can never wake him,
Never pierce this callous, icy rest!

We may call and call him, wildly rending
This death-hush with moans of human pain;
But the pale sweet lips are locked forever—
Silence! He will answer not again!

Hark! A fiendish roar of triumph rising
Echoes hoarsely round his quiet bed;
Yet he stirless lies, serenely smiling—
Hate no more can wound him—he is dead!

He is dead! In manhood's splendor stricken,
Like a proud oak blasted in its bloom,
While we stretch despairing hands to reach him
Through the sullen darkness of the tomb.

The fiendish roar of triumph to which Miss Fitzpatrick refers is destined soon to give way to the conviction that the greatest of modern Irishmen as a constitutional chief has been lost in the death of Mr. Parnell. His worst Irish enemies will soon discover that there is no one of the Home Rule agitators of to-day on whose shoulders his mantle is worthy of falling. They will find also to their cost that though dead in the flesh he is now more than ever alive in the spirit and that it will be just as possible to stop the onward march of a mighty river with a pitchfork as to bar the progress of the principles and teachings with which his name shall be ever associated. The tenant of Glasnevin will yet accomplish more for Ireland than even the ex-tenant of Avondale, canting hypocrites and journalistic ghouls to the contrary notwithstanding.

EDITOR CARTER HARRISON.

The Hon. Carter H. Harrison became proprietor and, presumably, editor in chief of the Chicago *Times* on Nov. 1. Mr. Harrison has not been at school, in the journalistic sense, but he has certainly met the scholars, and what he does not know about the peculiar political vocabulary of American journalism is unworthy further serious consideration. The ex-mayor of Chicago is a man of brilliant parts and has many winning and, in fact, lovable qualities. He has had a stormy time of it in politics, but nearly everybody feels kindly toward him, and the men of the press hail his accession to their ranks with enthusiasm. Mr. Martin J. Russell will be the chief editorial writer of the *Times*, which is sufficient guarantee that the paper will be kept up to the highest floodmark of journalistic ability. Mr. Harrison himself will, no doubt, take a hand in editorializing after he gets well warmed up to the work. He has already written two or three very excellent books on travel, and no man is more capable of "camping on the trail" of his active opponents. It is said that Mr. Harrison will certainly be a candidate for mayor, on a People's ticket, in 1893, and, about that time, Chicagoans may expect very lively reading matter in the *Times*. THE CITIZEN wishes Editor Harrison and the *Times* unlimited success.

MR. DUNLOP BUYS "THE MAIL."

Mr. Joseph R. Dunlop, late chief editor of the Chicago *Times*, has purchased the Chicago *Evening Mail*, and will henceforth conduct that spirited and growing paper. Mr. Dunlop is a journalist of vast experience, and is regarded as one of the most successful newspaper men in the country. He is still in the prime of life, and has all the energy necessary to place his latest purchase in the forefront of journalism in this city. THE CITIZEN gives the *Mail* and Mr. Dunlop hearty greeting.

ANOTHER SLAP AT FRANCE.

It is a hard thing for any one of Irish birth or blood to say anything against America or Americans. For more than a hundred years Ireland has taught her children to look on America not only as their friend, but as their deliverer. Ireland is bound to America by ties so strong that no power on earth can sunder them. If some Americans are not as American as they ought to be, some Irishmen are not as Irish as they ought to be; and just as the un-Irish Irish often come to the front, so it often happens that the un-American Americans often get a prominence that they do not deserve. "One swallow makes no summer," and neither one nor a hundred un-American Americans can make the Irish people cease to love that country in which there are more of their kindred than are to be found not only in Ireland, but in all other parts of the world. It is, however, an unfortunate fact that some Americans from whom we would expect fair play and truth, seem not to know the meaning of these words, or to have very little regard for them. Those men do untold injury to America by letting their prejudices and their Englishism crop out almost every time they put their pens to paper. It is a wonder that Americans of this class do not go and live in England. America would be all the better without them.

The surest sign of Anglicization in an American is hatred for France and contempt for Ireland. To make publicly manifest hatred for Ireland might be inconvenient and do harm, seeing that there are over twenty millions of persons of Irish birth or blood in this country; their vote is not to be despised; but there are comparatively few French here; their vote counts for only a little, and to belie and blackguard them can be indulged in with impunity.

One of the most outrageous diatribes that ever appeared in an American paper or periodical against France, may be seen in the *North American Review* for last October. The article is entitled "New Life in China," and was written by the Hon. John Russell Young. It is by no means an interesting article, and gives very little information about China, notwithstanding the fact that its author was United States minister to that country. It would almost seem as if Mr. Young wrote the article not to give any real information about China, but to have a slap at the French. Speaking about the war between France and China in 1884, he says that "it was in every respect so causeless, so selfish, so much in violation of the elementary principles of international honesty, so indefensible from any point of view, that its injustice sank deep in the Chinese mind." He winds up the diatribe by saying that the French were "worsted" by the Chinese!

It is really curious what caused the *North American Review* to print such an article, unless it was that its editor hates the French as much as the Hon. Russell Young does. Why such a monstrous allegation as that the French were "worsted" by the Chinese in the war of 1884, was printed in the *North American Review* is one of those puzzles which, the more it is studied the greater puzzle it becomes. Never, perhaps, were the French arms more victorious than in the war against China brought about by the French occupation of Tonquin. Not a reverse did they receive but one, and that one was a small affair—a mere skirmish, in which the French through bad leadership were surprised by the Chinese. Never was a sea fight more one sided than Admiral Courbet's fight with the Chinese fleet. It was simply a slaughter, in which the Chinese fleet was almost annihilated. Nothing but the fact of some of the Chinese ships, owing to their light draught of water, having been enabled to take shelter where the French could not follow them, prevented the whole of them from destruction. To prove that the French were not "worsted" by the Chinese, the French got everything for which they fought, namely, complete mastery of Tonquin. Let Mr. Young deny this if he can.

THE CITIZEN is far from approving of the French conquest of Tonquin. That the conquest will be of great benefit to that country, cannot be doubted; but no conquest of any kind can be defended. All conquests are wrong. If France did wrong in Tonquin, she only did what all other nations able to do it would have done. Even America is not quite guiltless in the matter of conquest. She conquered California and other vast territories from Mexico, simply because she was able to conquer them. It is true that she paid Mexico a large sum for the ceded territories: but still they were conquered by the sword; Mexico was compelled to part with them.

When Mr. Young has such a horror of what France did to China, why has he no word of disapproval for what England did to Egypt? France did not wish or want to fight the Chinese. China sent her troops into Tonquin, over which she had no control but of the most shadowy kind, and the French were forced to fight them. Very different, indeed, was the action of the English in Egypt. They bombarded and utterly ruined the city of Alexandria, whose inhabitants do not appear to have given any cause whatever to be treated with a barbarity that would have been a disgrace to Tamerlane. The French, to their everlasting honor, refused to be participators in such wanton butchery, and sacrificed their position in Egypt rather than have any hand in it.

There is a class of political bigots writing for American papers and periodicals that do infinite harm to the country. They may, in the long run, bring troubles upon it compared to which even the war of the rebellion was a trifle. They are, fortunately, few in numbers; but the evil they do should be exposed by every one who loves the good name of America. When foreigners read such libels on France, the nation to which America owes so much, they will come to the conclusion that ingratitude and disregard for truth are our most pronounced and prominent traits.

TIM HEALY'S THRASHING.

Tim Healy has been cowhided! This great act of charity was performed in Dublin on Tuesday morning, within the sacred precincts of the Four Courts, by a benevolent gentleman named McDermott, said to be a nephew of the late Irish leader. Tim was nearly flayed alive, if all the accounts are true. In a speech at Drogheda, recently, he attacked the character of Mr. Parnell's widow and made some reflections on other female members of the family. Hence the thrashing. All Ireland rings with applause. Mr. McDermott has been congratulated by Wm. Redmond, T. M. Harrington and other followers of the departed chief. The ladies of Drogheda are about to present Mr. McDermott with a silver handled whip. "Mac" may not be a "silver tongued orator," but his horsewhip has the true ring in it. Healy deserved what he got, and more too. No true or brave man would go around Ireland abusing defenseless women. Bravo "Mac." Hit him again.

THERE will be no peace in Ireland until "Tim" Healy is permanently retired from public life.

IRISHMEN may whack each other with blackthorns, but they don't blow the heads off successful candidates with shot guns.

MORE men are killed in faction fights in the state of Kentucky in a month than in all Ireland in ten years. Yet Kentucky governs herself.

MR. JOHN M. CARROLL was triumphantly elected, along with the fourteen other Republican candidates for county commissionership, on Tuesday. The secret Knownothing societies made a determined effort to cut Mr. Carroll, but he drew so largely from the Democrats that their venomous action was scarcely felt. THE CITIZEN congratulates Mr. Carroll.

IOWA has gone Democratic on the Prohibition issue. Thirst always cuts a big figure in American politics.

"TIM" HEALY must go. Ireland has no place for a maligner of women. England may have.

THE meeting of the Irish National Federation, McCarthyite, in Waterford, Ireland, on Wednesday, was marked by fierce street riots. The police had great

difficulty in quelling the disturbance. One stalwart Parnellite woman knocked two of them senseless with a club. A number of priests volunteered to help the police preserve order, but their aid was declined. At latest advices, over one hundred people were in the hospitals at Waterford.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN is developing oito gether too much mouth.

A NUMBER of citizens of Nashville, Tenn., recently held a memorial meeting in honor of Parnell in that city. Among the speakers were the mayor, Editor Carmack, of the *American*, and the Hon. Andrew J. Caldwell, who is a descendant of William Orr of United Irish fame. Appropriate resolutions were adopted.

THE report of a plot to assassinate Wm. O'Brien in Cork turned out to be the crazy creation of an old women's brain.

THE faction fighting in Cork and Waterford has given Smalley, of the New York *Tribune*, a much longed for opportunity to blackguard the Irish people, and belittle their cause, from London. Smalley is a hound, who is always trying to bite the under canine.

MAJOR MCKINLEY is elected in Ohio by 20,000 plurality. Evidently the people of Ohio are not much influenced by English opinion

THE Democrats carried New York by 40,000 majority Flower looms up, accordingly, as Cleveland's rival for the presidential nomination.

MEG MAGEE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

You may tramp from Cork and Kerry all the way to Down and Derry,
And from Dublin by the Liffey on to Galway by the sea;
But you'll never find a erature more bewitchin', brys, or nater
Than the buxom, laughing colleen who is known as Meg Magee!

Oh, her brow than snow is whiter, and her deep blue eyes are brighter
Than the diamonds in the ocean, or the planets in the sky;
While her tresses romping blindly down her rosy cheeks so kindly
And as dark as darkest shadows when the night clouds scamper by!

Then her coy lips, carved for kisses—for caresses and for blisses,
Have a glory that is crimson in their fond and luscious hue,
While on her chin a simple, captivatin' little dimple
Looks like a roguish cupid that could thrill you through and through.

Oh, to see this precious jewel addin' flame and addin' fuel
To the heart of every *boushal* from the parishes around,
While, with eyes and soul a-bubblin' she would dance the "Road to Dublin"—
Tripping to the mad-cap music with a light elastic bound;

And to hear her ringing laughter, that would shake each crazy rafter
Of the barn where the piper and the neighbors used to be,
You might well say there's no fairy in the glens of Tipperary
Half so merry or divartin as the purty Meg Magee!

You may boast of courtly ladies dressed in togs and styles of Cadiz,
But they couldn't hould a candle, faith, to Meggy in her plaid;
Gliding over on serenely, in her shawl she looks more queenly
Than an empress titivated in a cashmere and brocade!

You may beat from Cork and Kerry all the bushes up to Derry,
Fish up Naiads from the rivers, and the Nereids from the sea,
But you'll never find a rarer, or, by jiminees, a fairer
Lump of female fascination than this purty Meg Magee!

ENGLAND AND FREE TRADE.

[*To the Editor.*]

FARRIBAULT, Minn., Oct. 5.—The American Free Traders and anti Protectionists should learn something of the tariffs of foreign nations. The Canadians, in order to build up Canadian manufactures, enacted the Foster tariff, which discriminates with the greatest stringency against the United States.

Mexico has a high protective tariff; in 1891 a duty of $2.25 on every head for American hogs, and $2 on cattle. Guatemala has a high protective tariff. Honduras has a high protective tariff; the government is supported exclusively by import duties. Nicaragua has a high protective tariff. Costa Rica has a high protective tariff. Salvador has a high protective tariff, the resources of the republic are principally derived from import duties. Venezuela has a high protective tariff. Brazil has a high protective tariff. Uruguay has a high protective tariff, the revenue is mainly derived from custom duties. The Argentine Republic has a high protective tariff, the public revenue is mainly derived from custom duties. Ecuador has a high protective tariff. Peru has a high protective tariff. Paraguay has a high protective tariff. Hawaiian Islands have a high protective tariff. San Domingo has a high protective tariff. Cuba and Porto Rico have high protective tariffs, the duty on American flour, before Mr. Blaine's reciprocity, was $5 83 per barrel, and the duty on wheat $3 15 per hundred weight.

The Bahama Islands, a dependency of Great Britain, has a high protective tariff, the revenue is derived principally from custom duties. Barbadoes, a dependency of Great Britain, derives its revenue principally from custom duties. British Honduras has a high protective tariff. Jamaica has a high protective tariff. Trinidad and Tabago, dependencies of Great Britain, have high protective tariff. The British colonial government of the Winward Islands has a high protective tariff. The British colonial government of the Leeward Islands has a high protective tariff. The colonial government of Bermuda, a dependency of Great Britain, has a high tariff. The Dutch colonial government of Curacao has a high protective tariff.

Thus, while the United States, under the tariff law of 1883 had several articles of the production of the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America on the free list, these countries had high protective tariffs, consequently while the balance of trade between the United States and Europe was on the side of the United States, the balance of trade between the United States and the Latin republics of America was against the United States. This has prompted Mr. Secretary Blaine to advocate his reciprocity with Latin America, and to secure the balance of trade and open new markets with American republics. Free traders usually quote England as a free trade country, but she has high custom duties on tea, tobacco, malt, hops, spirits and wine. Her other source of revenue is derived from stamp duties, property and income taxes, house duties, assessment taxes, legacy and succession duties.

Germany, Austria, Italy, France, Spain and Russia are manufacturing under light protective tariffs. Formerly Russia bought her guns from Krupp, but now they make them themselves. All the civilized countries are trying to become commercially independent of Great Britain. It is strange that the American anti Protectionists, especially the Irish exiles, do not consider the absurdity of free trade while we are surrounded by countries who have high protective tariffs. When England loses her manufacturing and commercial supremacy she will become a third rate power.

P. CUDMORE.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARGARET HARMON.

Mrs. Margaret Harmon, widow of Laurence Harmon, Sr., died at Peoria, Ill., on Sunday, Oct. 25. All her life she had been an active person, until about two years ago when she became an invalid. She was, however, feeling quite well when on Tuesday, Oct. 20, she fell while walking out of her room, fracturing the neck of the thigh bone. The dread of lying in one position for months, as well as the effect of the injury carried her peacefully away on the following Sunday afternoon. The deceased lady and her late husband were born, reared and married near Drogheda, in the county of Louth, Ireland. After their marriage they removed to Drogheda, where Mr. Harmon carried on the linen business for many years. This failing in the terrible famine year, 1847, the couple, then past middle life, left their old home with their six children in January, 1848, for the United States, coming direct to New Orleans, and by boat up the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers to Peoria, where they have resided ever since. Mrs. Harmon would have been 88 years of age on the 18th of next December. For over sixty years she and her husband lived happily together, amassing a competence for their old days. Five of the seven children born to her survive her. She lived to see thirty-three grand children born to her sons and daughters. Mrs. Harmon and her husband, who died last year at the age of 85 years, came of good old Irish stock to whom long life was an inheritance. Her father died at the age of 103 years, while seven of her brothers each attained about her own age when death called them away. Mrs Harmon was a most energetic and vigorous woman, doing all her own work until two years ago. She was in all respects a true wife and fond, good mother. She lived and died in a most edifying manner, and was well prepared for the precious inheritance she now enjoys in heaven. She was buried, with all the rites of the church, from St. Mary's Cathedral, and laid to rest on Oct. 27, beside her husband, in St. Mary's cemetery, in Peoria, sincerely mourned by her children, grand-children and hosts of friends. One of her sons, the Hon. Lawrence Harmon, is a prominent lawyer of this city, and has long been distinguished in the public life of Illinois. The other members of the family reside in Peoria.

An Enjoyable Occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunleavy, No. 174 La Salle avenue, were agreeably surprised by a large number of friends Hallowe'en eve. Within a few moments on that evening their beautiful home was the scene of unbounded mirth and enjoyment, and the guests heartily partook of the many good things the generous host and hostess had plentifully provided. Dancing, singing, recitations, parlor games, etc., were the order of the evening, and the guests departed in the "sma hours" regretting only that such an enjoyable event should terminate so soon. Among those present were Capt. Martin O'Malley, Wm. O'Malley, Misses Annie and Maria O'Malley, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe, Mrs. J. McCormick, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Scully, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Dugan, Miss N. Tarrant, Miss M Sullivan, Miss A. Kennett, Miss McGovern, Miss Dorkin, Miss Dugan, Misses Nellie and Rose O'Malley, Miss K. Shaw, Miss Kelley, Messrs. M. H Sullivan, J. Hare, P. Smith, P. Reilly, D. Crowley, J. J. Maloney, Mr. Marcott, Mr. Fay, Mr. Keenan, Mr. Meehan and several others.

IN MEMORY OF PARNELL.

The Shields Club Honors the Dead.

At a meeting of the Shields club, St. Joseph, Mo., recently, the following resolutions, relative to the death of the great Irish leader, were adopted:

WHEREAS, The genius of Irish nationality is now mourning at the grave of Charles Stewart Parnell, the ideal patriot, and

WHEREAS, The cruel, inexorable blow that has stricken down a hero in the best acceptation of the term, profoundly saddens the race of which he was a peerless representative; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the Shields club, that we realize the poignancy and acuteness, the full measure of the national grief so sincere, sacred and inconsolable; and that it is further

Resolved, That in the demonstration in the city of Dublin we see displayed the highest reverence for and the most unaltering devotion to the cause for which the intrepid patriot would have bravely offered up his life. In that fidelity we rejoice, because it proclaims loyalty to the principles for which the fearless champion battled with a constancy as unwavering as the patriotism of his people.

Resolved, That we have faith in a brighter future for that land he so chivalrously served, and in his final triumph will be vindicated the wisdom and integrity of her foremost son, who ever refused to subject the national aspirations to the whims, caprices and assumed exigencies of British statesmanship, and that we can best revere the memory of the matchless leader and organizer by ceaselessly struggling to push forward to a glorious triumph the grand work from which he has been ruthlessly taken away, and to its accomplishment we shall cheerfully devote our best energies.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the St. Joseph daily papers and Chicago CITIZEN.

THE UNCROWNED KING.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

Parnell is dead! the king uncrown'd,
And patriots weep above his bier,
His requiem rings the wide world 'round
Touches the heart and wakes the tear.
"The king is dead! long live the king!"
Ring out the patriot's funeral knell,
'Mong living freemen let it ring,
Parnell is dead! long live Parnell.

Oh! crown him with the brightest bays,
The king ungrown'd, the crownless king,
A world wide anthem to his praise
Let every faithful patriot sing.
To him—the sceptreless, the brave—
Sceptres and crowns were things of clay,
The gilded baubles of the knave,
That progress sweeps from freedom's way.

Oh! wreath for him the laurel crown,
Let shamrocks green adorn his tomb,
Forget his faults, sing his renown,
Who lighted Erin's deathful gloom.
Tears for the true—tears for the dead—
Tears for the faithful and the brave,
For him who rests in glory's bed,
For him who fills a patriot's grave.

He battled well 'gainst Erin's woes,
His work is o'er—a work well done—
And victor crown'd against her foes
His race of royalty is run.
Then let him rest—his grave shall be
An altar where the serf may kneel,
The bondsman pray for homes made free,
By legislation, lead, or steel.

Wherever freedom's die is cast,
By patriot's struggling to be free,
His name shall echo on the blast
The talisman of liberty.
Against the minion tools of might,
O'er land and sea the slogan swell,
Where bondsmen struggle for the right,
Parnell is dead! long live Parnell.

IRISH NEWS.

SANITARY AFFAIRS IN BELFAST.

A special meeting of the public health committee of the corporation was held at the town hall, Oct. 18, for the purpose of further considering the best means whereby a system of daily removal of house refuse throughout the city might be procured. Alderman Dr. Graham presided, and the attendance was large. The report and suggestions of the corporation deputation, which recently visited some of the cross Channel cities and towns in connection with the matter, was fully discussed. Eventually it was decided to have some experiments in different districts of the city, in addition to those already tried, in order to estimate more accurately the expense which would be incurred by the adoption of such a system as that recommended, viz—one of daily removal of the refuse. The committee adjourned for two weeks, when it will again hear reports of the experiment, and thereupon decide their course of action.

THE IRISH DEATH RATE.

The average annual death rate represented by the deaths registered in the sixteen principal town districts of Ireland, was 19 9 per 1,000 of the population (unrevised) according to the recent census. The deaths registered in each of the several towns corresponding to the following rates per 1 000: Armagh, 18 9; Belfast, 19 8; Cork, 16.1; Drogheda, 22 0; Dublin, 22 2; Dundalk, 7 8; Galway, 26 6; Kilkenny, 23 5; Limerick, 21.0; Lisburn, 17 2; Londonderry, 14 4; Lurgan, 9.2; Newry, 19 5; Sligo, 20 8; Waterford, 20.0; Wexford, 22 5. In London the rate was 17 3, in Glasgow 23 2, and in Edinburgh 15.7. In the Dublin registration district the births registered during the week amounted to 140—76 boys and 64 girls—and the deaths to 153—91 males and 62 females. The deaths, which are 1 over the average number for the corresponding week of the last ten years, represent an annual rate of mortality of 23 0 in every 1,000 of the population; omitting the deaths, numbering 5, of persons admitted into public institutions from localities outside the district, the rate was 22.2 per 1,000.

CELEBRATION IN BELFAST.

On Tuesday night, Oct. 20, a largely attended meeting was held in St. Mary's Hall, Belfast, to celebrate the centenary of the establishment of the society of the United Irishmen. Among the speakers were Messrs. Vesey Knox, M. P., and M. McCartan, M. P. Messrs. T. Sexton, M. P., and John Pinkerton, M. P., sent letters of apology. The chair was occupied by Mr. Vesey Knox, M. P., who, in opening the proceedings, said they were met to pay their humble tribute to the memory of the dead. When the meeting was called they had little thought of how fresh a burden of sad recollection was centered around that mournful phrase, "God save old times." A great Irishman had been buried last Sunday week at Glasnevin, and it would ill become his fellow countrymen to allow the melancholy events of the past twelve months to blind them on such an occasion to the great work that in times past he had done for Ireland. One might have thought that the horrid shriek of jarring faction would have been hushed and stilled in the awful presence of the angel of death. They at least would let no word escape them which would add by one jot to the existing bitterness of this bitter time. What they could do for peace would be done, and they would not retort or retaliate (applause). Resolutions were adopted calling for a union among all classes and creeds in the country, and pointing out that the union was necessary for the preservation of the liberties of the people of Ireland, and was essential to her preservation and freedom.

SERIOUS DISTURBANCE IN NEWRY.

On the evening of Oct. 21, after the declaration of the poll in the Ballybot courthouse, Newry, in connection with the municipal elections, some disturbance arose between the Parnellites and the Nationalists. The Nationalist candidates were elected, and the Grattan (Nationalist) flute band paraded the streets. About 11 o'clock, while the band was passing through William street, it was attacked by a number of men and boys, and one of the drums was broken. Excitement rose to a great height and a general row ensued, in which stones and sticks were freely used. Head Constables Williams and McLoughlin and several other constables tried to separate the combatants, and in doing so Head Constable Williams and another constable were struck with stones on the the head. Eventually the police succeeded in making two arrests and separating the disturbers.

SINGULAR CASE OF ACCIDENTAL POISONING.

On Oct. 20, a man named James Keogh, a passenger on the 5:25 train from Terenure to the Lamb station, who was employed as a hand by Mr. John Finamore, J. P., Ballyward, county Wicklow, was poisoned by the contents of a bottle which he took out of the pocket of a fellow passenger named Joseph Eustace. It is stated Keogh thought the bottle contained whiskey. It contained, it is said, sheep wash. The deceased was taken to Mr. Doolan's, post office, and then to Blessington, where he was attended by Dr. Blakely. He was then removed home to Ballyward, where he died immediately afterwards.

DEATH OF FATHER PHELAN.

Father Phelan, P. P., V. G., died rather unexpectedly at his residence in Clonmel, recently, of acute bronchitis. The event has caused universal regret in Clonmel. The reverend gentleman was a native of Waterford, and a student of Maynooth. He had been principal of the University college, Waterford, and president of St. John's college, in succession to Dr. Price Power, who appointed him parish priest in Clonmel, and on whose death he was elected dignitaimus for the bishopric, but the Pope appointed the late Dr. Egan.

ALLEGED ATTACK ON BAILIFFS IN CLARE

On Oct. 21 four men were arrested by the Ferry, Ennis, police on a charge of having waylaid and severely beated two bailiffs named Michael McManon and John Meade when the latter were returning from executing a decree in the neighborhood of Spancelhill on Saturday last. The prisoners were formally charged in Ennis, and two of them—Jos. Howard and P. Brougham—were remanded in custody, and the others admitted to bail, Meade having, it is stated, identified the two first named as being some of his assailants.

THE VANDELEUR ESTATE.

All the tenants now processed for rents on the Vandeleur estate were notified to be in Kilrush on Saturday last to settle with the agent for the amount for which proceedings had been taken. None of them, however, attended.

ARMAGH QUARTER SESSIONS.

Mr. Kisbey, Q C, county court judge for Armagh and Louth, opened the business of the quarter sessions in Armagh on Oct. 19 His honor, addressing the grand jury, congratulated them on the peaceful state of the district, their being only three cases to go before them. William Henry, with several aliases, was charged with stealing a gold watch and chain and a gold cross and locket, the property of Mr. James Carragher, at Camlough, on Oct. 21, 1889 The prisoner, who was not defended professionally, was found guilty, and, as there was a long record of convictions against him, his honor sentenced him to seven years' penal servitude.

FUNERAL OF J. D. BODKIN.

On Sunday, Oct. 18, the remains of the above lamented gentleman were conveyed to their last resting place in Glasnevin. The funeral, which was very large and representative, was attended by the members of the several societies of which the deceased was a member. The chief mourners were Mr. Joseph Bodkin and Mr. Dominick Bodkin, brothers; Mr. J. Ledwidge, uncle; M. J. Ledwidge and Mr. Thomas Doyle, cousins. The members of the Ninety club, the Al. Fresco C. C., and the Bohemian A. F. C walked behind the hearse. The coffin was covered with wreaths, many of which were of singular beauty. Among those who sent these tributes were Sir Richard Martin, Bart; the Ninety club, the Al. Fresco C. C., the Rohemian A. F. C, Mr. and Mrs. Ledwidge, the Misses Doyle, the Misses Wheeler, Miss Sherry, Mrs. E. Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. Tyndell and many others.

A CIRCUS BLOWN DOWN.

The tent in which Batty's circus troupe were going to give their performance was erected at Fair Green, Birr, Oct. 20, and at half past three was filled by a crowd of school children. The performance was just at its height when suddenly a perfect cyclone of wind burst on the town. The tent was seen to shake and quiver under the blast. The poles sustaining it were loosened, and gradually it began to hinge over. A rush was made for the door. A scene of indescribable confusion prevailed outside, older persons endeavoring to extricate the children from the tumbling fabric. Suddenly, as the storm increased in violence, the whole tent was dashed to the ground. Several children were struck by the falling poles.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN.

On Oct. 20 the death took place in the Cork & Macroom train of the Rev. Robert Aldworth, rector of Athenowen, near Ovens. It appeared that the reverend gentleman, who was accompanied by his wife and his brother, Mr. Robert Aldworth, Tivoli, was coming to Cork by the train arriving at 11:30, and after leaving Ballincollig it was noticed that he appeared to get a weakness, and he died before the train arrived at Capwell.

FATHER M'CARTHY'S DEATH.

Rev. Father McCarthy, who for the past eleven months had been doing duty at Castlebridge, died at an early hour Oct. 19, at the early age of 26 years, the cause of death being congestion of the brain. Father McCarthy was a native of Cahir, county Tipperary, and came to Castlebridge nearly a year ago. He was educated at St. John's college, Waterford, and ordained in Maynooth. He was very popular in Castlebridge and his death is much regretted.

A GUN ACCIDENT.

A young lad named Connelly, from Loumanagh, Clonberne, striking his unwilling game dog with the stock of his father's gun, the gun was discharged, cutting a portion of the ear and jaw off a young lad named O'Brien who stood close by, and tearing the collar off another youth's coat. Fortunately the matter is not serious with O'Brien. Connelly was arrested and held for investigation.

DARING ROBBERY NEAR CLONBERNE.

A feeble old man named Martin Gormely, of Ballaghaload, near Lovally, returning from Dunmore fair, recently, was set upon by a party of tinkers, who caught his hands, closed his mouth and covered his eyes, tore open his vest and took from him £3 6s 8d. Gormely informed Mr. C. D. O'Rorke, J. P., and the matter was placed in the hands of the police, who put their detective abilities into operation, pursuing the banditti party to Lumanagh, Levally, Moylough, and securing Denny Warde and his wife at Mountbellow, who, being identified by Gormely as his assailants, were placed under arrest and conveyed to Dunmore, where a preliminary investigation was held. They were sent on to Galway jail to await trial and further information. Another of the party was arrested near Clonberne, a brother of Denny Warde. He submitted calmly, declaring that he had nothing to do with the transaction. He was sent on remand. It is reported that the parties who committed the robbery subsequently drew knives at others returning from the fair who luckily escaped harm from the hands of the desperadoes.

The Nally Testimonial Fund.

A meeting of the committee having the above fund in hand met at Cline's Hall on Sunday last with John P. Rogers in the chair. The following contributions were handed in:

Am't previously acknowledged	$403 00	Thos. Donavan	2 00
Jas. P. O Malley	5 00	Andrew Foy	1 00
Michael Mullee	5 00	Jas. F. Rowley	1 00
Alex. McHenery	5 00	John Harran	1 00
F. H. Gallagher	5 00	P. Maloney	1 00
Wm. O Malley	5 00	Thos. McGrath	1 00
John S. Mullen	2 00	John F. Coleman	1 00
Jno. Blackwell	2 00	John McHugh	1 00
Thos. Bourke	2 00	Edward Carlin	1 00
E. O Malley	2 00	John O'Malley	1 00
Patrick Joyce	2 00	Frank O Malley	1 00
Edward Morgan	2 00	Martin Crowley	1 00
M. O Malley	2 00	Richard Gibbons	1 00
P. McNeeley	2 00	Patrick Nolan	1 00
John McHale	2 00	Wm. Hyland	1 00
Thos. Graven	2 00	M. Flynn	50
Frank Micey	2 00	Total Amt	$469 50
Thos. McVaddy	2 00		

A letter was read from the committee in Ireland stating that Mr. Nally would be released from prison on Nov 25, and it was expected that his friends in America would remit any money in their hands so as it could be used in the closing of the fund. It is therefore expected by the committee that all subscriptions outstanding be promptly turned in to the treasurer or financial secretary so as the total amount can be remitted to the committee in Ireland on Monday, Nov. 9 No subscriptions will be received by the committee after Saturday, Nov. 7

JAMES MCLOUGHLIN, JOHN ANSBRO, } Secs

THOS. CLINE, Treasurer, south east corner Huron and Wells streets.

PHYSICIANS SURPRISED.

The Speedy Cure of a Disease Which Generally Has Been Considered Incurable by the Medical Profession.

It has been generally known for a long time in police circles and by a host of other friends of Desk Sergeant J. W. Mooney, of the Thirty fifth precinct police station, that he has suffered from a disease known as locomotor staxia, a form of progressive paralysis which develops gradually and incapacitates the muscles, either in a part of the body—for instance being confined to one hand, or, as in Mr. Mooney's case, interfering generally with locomotion to such a degree that he was unable to walk without assistance. He was called upon by a reporter and made the statement that he had been on the police force for nearly twenty years and that his disease had gradually grown upon him for a long time, until he finally got so bad that it was impossible for him to continue his work as desk sergeant at the station. It was impossible for him to get up and down stairs, and it was with much difficulty that he could walk. Even on a smooth surface he frequently stumbled, and his gait was unsteady and uncertain at all times. During the whole time he had been treating for the disease without any improvement. Finding that he would have to quit his employment entirely, he consulted a number of leading physicians in the city who, after diagnosing his case as locomotor staxia, informed him that they could do nothing for him. After applying to four or five of those who are regarded as being best qualified to treat this class of disease, and all having pronounced his case incurable, one of them referred him to the well known specialist, Dr. O. Baxter Howe, who treats paralysis with a new process by means of machinery. Acting on this advice, he took a course of twenty treatments with Dr. Howe in his office, at No. 96 State street and No. 239 West Chicago avenue, and has so much improved that he has returned to his business and considers himself cured. He is able to walk up and down stairs with ease, and says that he has no longer need for crutch or cane. His case is causing much talk among physicians who were acquainted with his condition, and it is believed that a remedy has at last been found for so universal a scourge to mankind as the much dreaded disease, paralysis.

"The Best of Children's Magazines."

The publishers of *St. Nicholas*, that famous young folks' magazine, are offering to send a sample copy, free of charge, to any father or mother who would like to consider the question of taking a children's magazine during the year to come.

Certainly if that question is up for discussion in any household *St. Nicholas* will be the magazine selected. From its first number, in 1873, the pens of the greatest writers of the English world, and the pencils of the most famous illustrators, have been at its service. Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant, Thomas Hughes, Whittier, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Alcott, Donald G. Mitchel, George Macdonald, Mrs. Oliphant, Professor Proctor are a few of the many great names which have been upon its list of contributors. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge is the editor. Everything in it is illustrated.

In 1892 there are to be serial stories by Brander Matthews, Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher (the author of that charming book, "Marjorie and Her Papa"), Laura E Richards, Wm. O. Stoddard, Charles E. Carryl (the author of "Davy and the Goblin"), and Frances Courtney Baylor. There will be short stories by Thomas Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins, Mary Hallock Foote, Richard Malcolm Johnson, Octave Thanet, General O. O. Howard, and many others, with papers of travel and adventure by J. T. Trowbridge and Lieut. Schwatka, and useful articles on "How Columbus Reckoned," "William the Conqueror," "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," "Straight Lines and Circles," etc. In "Strange Corners of our Country" the great American desert, the cliff dwellers of Arizona, and other interesting places will be described, and in "Honors to the Flag" and "Boys and the National Guard" the patriotism of the young readers will be aroused and stimulated. Julian Ralph is to describe "The Making of a Great Newspaper," and the arc and incandescent electric lights are to be clearly explained.

Applied Christianity is what *St Nicholas* teaches;—unselfishness, faithfulness, courage, truthfulness—these things are taught in a hundred ways by stories, poems and pictures. Do you need such an assistant in your work with your boys and girls? If so, and if you are not already familiar with *St Nicholas*, send a postal card to *The Century* Company, Union Square, New York, N. Y., and ask to see a sample copy. A year's subscription to *St. Nicholas* makes a splendid Christmas present, for it brings Christmas twelve times a year.

Local Catholic News.

Special devotions took place last Friday in most of the churches in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, being the first Friday of the month.

The Very Rev. Father Fitzgerald, rector of St. Ignatius College, preached at the solemn high mass at 12:30 o'clock Sunday last in the Holy Family church.

There were solemn services for the dead last Sunday evening in the Jesuit church on West Twelfth street, at 7:30 o'clock, preparatory to the feast of All Souls. The divine office was chanted and there was an appropriate sermon by the Rev. Father Kokenge, S J.

The Rev. Father Devoss, of Spalding, Neb, is in the city, a guest of Father Cashman, of St. Jarlath's.

The first distribution of premiums of St. Ignatius' College took place last Wednesday.

The Rev. Father Cummings of Woodstock, has been transferred to Lake Forrest.

Prof. F. Hugo Bielman took charge of the music in St. Michael's church at high mass last Sunday. The choir was thoroughly reorganized, and sang Mozart's seventh mass, "Veni Creator," bass solo and chorus, Sofge, with Mr. Frank B. Edelman in the solos; offertory, "Regna Terra," soprano solo and chorus, with Miss Franzen in the solos.

The new church of St. Pius on Nineteenth street and Ashland avenue is entirely inclosed and ready for the interior decorations.

A bazaar for the benefit of St Elizabeth's new church will be held during the present month.

In Memoriam.

At a regular meeting of Division No. 17, A. O. H., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our late brother, Wm. Corcoran, and of the still heavier loss sustained by those who were nearest and dearest to him, therefore be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regarding his removal from our midst we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect and esteem.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it has pleased a Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best, and whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

Resolved, That this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to the wife of our departed brother by the secretary of the Division.

L. HENELY,
P. B. FLANAGAN,
M. MULCAHY.

In Luck Certain.

After trying to sell books, pictures and wringers, and nearly every contrivance imaginable, I became discouraged and thought there was no chance for a poor man to earn a living. There was nothing to do on the farm, and I could not get a job in town, when I happened to see how a teacher made money selling platers and thought I would try my luck. I bought a $5 Lightning Plater from B. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio and from that day my luck seemed to change. I carried the plater from house to house and plated knives, forks and spoons, right before the folks, and it is surprising how many want their things plated. I made $3 70 the first day, and in one week $28. I can plate with nickel, silver and gold. The work is fine, my customers are pleased and I am happy. I hope some other fellow, who is down on his luck, will see this and do as I have done and get up in the world.

WILLIAM EVANS.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co, Proprietors,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

LITTLE FEET.

Patter, patter, little feet,
Making melody so sweet;
Music we all love to hear,
Charming to the list'ning ear;
Never weary in the light,
Tireless in the shades of night;
Restless little feet at play,
Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet,
Chasing butterflies so neat,
O'er the fragrant lawn and lea,
Busy as the toiling bee;
Dancing where the sunbeams fall,
Running quick at papa's call;
Happy, sportive at your play,
Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet,
'Mong the roses blooming sweet,
Where the robin sings his lay
And the precious children play;
Summer skies above the glow
Bright as baby's eyes below,
Winsome little feet that stray,
Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet,
Straying where the brooklets meet,
Flitting o'er the meadows fair,
Seeking pleasure everywhere;
Fondly answ'ring love's sweet call,
Bringing bliss of life to all.
Precious little feet at play,
Patter, patter all the day.

—Theodore D. C. Miller in New York Weekly.

TWICE TEN YEARS.

I remember it as well as if it were yesterday. The carriage stood at the door that was to take me back to school for the spring term. My mother gave me innumerable instructions, smoothed my collar and adjusted my cap on my head properly, then gave me a kiss and stood looking wistfully at me as I went down the walk and got into the carriage.

A month or two later—it was in June, I think—after a hard struggle one afternoon with some figures, all about a ship and a cargo and the profit and all that, I went out to join the boys. When I reached the play ground they were gone, and there was nothing for me to do but amuse myself as best I could. I strolled around the house with my hands in my pockets (which my mother had told me distinctly I must not do), and suddenly remembering her instructions took them out again; then, for want of better amusement, I began to whistle.

Next to the school there was a pretty cottage separated from the school house by a board fence. The two houses were not 100 feet apart, and I could look right through under the trees, and there on the croquet ground stood a girl, a trifle younger than myself, looking straight at me.

Now, when a boy suddenly finds himself observed by a girl he feels very queer. I remember that very well. My hands went right into my pockets, but remembering that was not the correct thing to do in the presence of a girl I took them directly out again. Then I concluded that it would be a good way to show how little I was embarrassed by turning twice around on my heel, a movement on which I greatly prided myself. After that I don't remember now—it was so long ago—what new capers I cut. But one thing is very certain. I was soon hunting for something I pretended to have lost in the grass beside the fence.

"If it's your knife you've lost," I heard a little voice say, "it isn't there. I picked up a knife there a week ago, but it was all rusty and no good."

"Oh, never mind," I said, looking up into two eyes away back in a sunbonnet, "it wasn't much of a knife anyway, and I've got another."

"Are you one of the boys at the school?"

"Yes."

"What reader are you in?"

"The Fourth."

"Do you study geography?"

"Yes."

"What's the capital of the United States?"

I scratched my head.

"I don't remember that," I admitted reluctantly. "I'm first rate on capitals, but I can't recollect that one."

"Why didn't you go off with the boys?"

"I was behind with my sums. I expect they've gone to the river. I like the woods pretty well, they're full of squirrels."

"And snakes," she added.

"I'm not afraid of snakes."

"And lizards."

"Nor lizards. I suppose you're afraid to go there."

"No, I'm not."

"If you want to go there now, and are afraid, I don't mind going along, just to keep off snakes and things."

She looked wistfully out at the wood. I can see her now leaning on her mallet, deliberating—if such a process can be called deliberation where the conclusion is predetermined—the straight, lithe figure poised between the mallet and one foot, one little leg crossed on the other—peering out at the forest. Suddenly, without any warning, she dropped the mallet and started for the wood.

We were not long in crossing the field and were walking in the dense shade when she stopped, and looking at me with her expressive eyes said:

"How still it is in here! It seems to me I can almost hear it be still."

"Yes, it is pretty solemn," I replied. "Let's go on; the river winds around down there and we can see the water go over the dam."

I heard a distant voice calling "Julia." It was very faint; she did not hear it; I stood a moment hesitating.

"Come, let's go," I said, starting forward.

"Julia," I heard again, more faintly than before.

I hurried her on, fearing she would hear the voice and turn back.

Presently we emerged from the wood and stood by the river. I was familiar with the ground, and led my little friend directly to the dam.

"Most of the boys are afraid to walk out on that dam," I said.

"I'd be afraid."

"But you're only a girl; a boy ought'n't to be afraid." With that I started boldly out, occasionally standing on one foot and performing sundry antics to show what a brave boy I was. Then I came part way back and called to her to come.

"Oh, no," she said; "I'm afraid."

"Afraid! You little goose! with me to hold on to?"

Betwixt her fear and a disposition pliable to a boy older and stronger than herself, it was not long before I was leading her out on the dam.

"Don't you see it's nothing?" I said.

She shrank back as I led her along. I determined that she should go to a point where the water poured over a portion of the dam lower than the rest. I turned my back to step up on the post. It was but a moment. I heard a cry, and saw Julia in the flood. The expression that was in her eyes is to this day stamped clearly on my memory—an expression of mingled reproach and forgiveness.

I could scarcely swim a dozen strokes, but not a second had elapsed before I was in the flood.

I swam and struggled and buffeted to reach her; all in vain. An eddy whirled me in a different direction. My strength was soon exhausted. I was borne down the river, sinking and rising, till I came to a place where I caught a glimpse as I came to the surface of a man running along some planks extending into the river and raised above the water on posts. My feet became entangled in weeds. I sank. I heard a great roaring in my ears, then oblivion.

When I came to I was lying on my back. I remember the first thing I saw was a light cloud sailing over the clear blue. There was an air of quiet and peace in it that contrasted with my own sensations. Then I saw a man on his knees beside something he was rubbing. I turned my head aside and saw it was a little figure—a girl, Julia. She was cold and stark.

My agony was far greater than when I had plunged after her into the stream. Then I hoped and believed that if she were drowned I would be also. Now I saw her beside me lifeless, and I lived.

Then some men came, and the man who was rubbing Julia said to them, "Take care of the boy; the girl is too far gone." They took me up and carried me away and laid me for awhile on a bed in a strange house. Then I was driven to the school.

The next day my father came and took me home. I was ill after that, too ill to ask about Julia, but when I recovered what a load was taken from my mind to know that by dint of rubbing and rolling and a stimulant she had been brought to and had recovered. I also learned that the man who cared for us had seen Julia fall and had rescued her. When I saw him running along the planks it was to his boat chained to the end.

That summer my father removed with his family to the Pacific coast. He was obliged to wait some time for my recovery, but at last I was able to travel, and left without again seeing the little girl whom I had led into danger. I only heard that I had been blamed by every one.

* * * * * *

Ten years passed, during which I was constantly haunted by one idea; that was to go back to New England, find Julia and implore her forgiveness. The years that I must be a boy and dependent seemed interminable. At last I came of age and received a small fortune that had fallen to me, and as soon as the papers in the case were duly signed and sealed I started east.

It was just about the same time of the year and the same hour of the afternoon as when I first saw Julia that I walked into the old school grounds. I had fully intended to go in next door and call for her, but my courage failed me. I had heard nothing of her for years. Was she dead? Was she living? Was she in her old home, or far away? These thoughts chased each other through my mind and I dreaded to know.

I was standing at the school entrance with my hand on the bell when I heard a door in the next house open and then shut. From that moment I could feel that Julia was near me. She came out of the house a slender, graceful girl of nineteen, and picking up a croquet mallet commenced to knock the balls about I wanted to make myself known, but dreaded the horror with which she would regard me when she should know who I was.

"I beg pardon," I said, raising my hat, "can you tell me if the school is still there?" pointing to the house.

"It was moved some years ago," she replied, regarding me with the old honest gaze.

"I was one of the scholars."

"Indeed!" She spoke without any further encouragement for me to go on.

"I see the wood has not been cut away," I added, glancing toward it.

"No, it does not seem to be."

"Were you ever there?"

"Oh, yes, often."

"And is that old dam still across the river?"

"I believe it is."

"Were you ever on the dam?"

She looked at me curiously. I went on without waiting for a reply:

"Would you mind showing me the way to it? It is a long while since I was there."

She drew herself up with a slight hauteur. Then thinking that perhaps I was unaccustomed to the conventional ways of civilized life, she said pleasantly:

"You have only to walk through the wood straight back of the house and you will come to it."

"Thank you," I replied, "but I hoped you would show me the way."

She looked puzzled.

"Miss Julia," I said, altering my tone, "I once met you when I was a boy here at school."

"I knew a number of the scholars," she said, more interested; "who may you be?"

I dreaded to tell her. "If you will pilot me to the dam," I said, "I will inform you."

She thought a moment, then turned and looked out at the wood. With the quick motion with which she had made the same move as a child she started forward.

We walked side by side to the wood, through it and out on the river bank. There was the water and the dam; everything as it had been.

"Did you ever try to walk out there?" I asked.

"Once, when I was a child, I came here with a boy, and we walked to where the water pours over. I met with an accident. I fell in."

"The boy overpersuaded you, I suppose?"

It was difficult for me to conceal a certain trepidation at the mention of my fault.

"No, I went of my own accord."

"He certainly must have been to blame. He was older and stronger than you."

"On the contrary," she said, with a slight rising irritation, "he jumped after me like the noble little fellow that he was."

I turned away on pretense of examining a boat down the river.

"At any rate he must have begged your forgiveness on his bended knees for permitting you to go into such a danger."

"I never saw him again. He went away."

I fancied—at least I hoped—I could detect a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"I have often wished," she went on, "that he would come back, as the other scholars sometimes do, as you are now, and let me tell him how much I thank him for his noble effort."

"Julia," I said, suddenly turning and facing her, "this is too much. I am that boy. I led you into the wood. I forced you to go out on the dam with me. I permitted you to fall in."

"And more than atoned for all by risking your life to save me!"

Ah, that look of surprised delight which accompanied her words! It was worth all my past years of suffering, of fancied blame; for in it I read how dearly she held the memory of the boy who had at least shared the danger for which he was responsible.

I do not remember if she grasped my hand or I grasped hers. At any rate we stood hand in hand looking into each other's faces.

I blessed the Providence that ended my punishment; I blessed the good fortune that had led me to a knowledge of the kindly heart beside me. Of all the moments of my life I still count it far the happiest.

Then we walked back through the woods, over the intervening field, and stood together leaning against the fence between the old school and her home.

* * * * * *

We did not part after that for another ten years. Then she left me to go whence I can never recall her. Yet there is a trysting place in the woods, through which we once passed as children, and often afterward as lovers. There I watch the flecked sunlight and mark the silence; and it seems to me that I can "hear it be still." More than that, I know the pure soul looks at me through the honest eyes.—F. A. Mitchel.

A Positive Hint.

A man can be more politely insulted in Paris than in any city in the world. A gentleman who undertook to speak in public there expressed himself in such a low tone of voice that the audience were unable to hear him. He was lecturing upon a geographical subject, and copies of a map about three feet square had been generally distributed.

Presently one of the audience rolled up his map in the form of a very long attenuated lamplighter, inserted the small end in his ear and turned the other end toward the speaker. It was a rather ludicrous performance, but not a laugh was heard among the polite assemblage. In two minutes, however, every map in the audience was turned into an ear trumpet, and the speaker saw himself confronted with a sort of mammoth porcupine, whose nearest quills almost touched him. He at once spoke louder. —Exchange.

The Figure "4" in Grevy's Life.

The figure "4" was curiously associated with the life of the late French president. M. Grevy died after four days' illness, four years after his removal from the presidency, at the age of eighty-four. He lived under four sovereigns in the earlier part of his life. Then came the revolution of 1848, and four governments then succeeded each other before he was elected president. Lastly, he died under the fourth president of the present republic. M. Grevy, when in practice at the bar, received the largest fee ever paid counsel during this century. He held the lucky brief for his friend, M. Dreyfus, in the great guano lawsuit, and was paid altogether £40,000. Not even the aggregate fees paid Sir John Duke Coleridge (now Lord Coleridge) in the Tichborne trial approached this splendid fee.—London Tit-Bits.

Enterprising Advertising.

A firm on Fourteenth street, in the busiest shopping neighborhood, has introduced a novel advertisement. A painted theatrical ocean is constructed on the roof of one house, while the roof of the adjoining building, being a little higher, serves as the shore. On this shore a man attired as the lone fisherman sits and industriously goes through the pantomime of fishing. Now and then he works the lines of a miniature sailboat, causing the latter to skim the mimic sea. All of this attracts the attention of thousands of people on the opposite walk. For fear, however, that some might go by without seeing it, a hired confederate of the lone fisherman saunters along the walk and gazes upward. It is human nature to stop and look at anything anybody else is looking at. Result, crowds of curious gazers.—New York Herald.

A Conscientious Oysterman.

Tourist—I have always understood that oysters are not good in months without an r.

Oysterman—Well, most gen'rally they ain't.

Tourist—When do you begin gathering them?

Oysterman—In Orgust.—Good News.

FAITHFUL AFTER DEATH.

A WOMAN PERFORMS THE LAST OFFICES FOR HER HUSBAND.

A Pathetic Story of Frontier Life—How a Wife and Mother Hesitated Not to Spend Her Strength for the Sake of the Man She Loved to the Last.

The story of Mrs. U. J. Wenner's life on Fremont island is about the most pathetic story ever told on the frontier. She was born and bred in luxury; she came to this city a bride eleven years ago. When, five years ago, her husband decided to move to Fremont island, she cheerfully gave up her luxurious home in this city and went with him. Of course she had no neighbors. With no one but her husband and her little family around her, with a hired man and girl to assist, she lived there five years. At one time she was there two years and a half without leaving the island.

When, two years ago, her husband became too weak to ride on horseback, she looked after the stock herself, she attended to her house, she taught her children, she nursed her husband, and in these occupations she was busy every moment of her time. She says she was happy and we do not doubt it. Her husband was failing all the time, but he had been a long time ill and she would not permit the thought of the possibility of his dying to enter her mind. So it went on until two weeks ago Wednesday, when her husband had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. It was stopped, and he said he felt more relieved than he had for months before.

Of course great prostration always follows a hemorrhage of the lungs, and so he lay very weak, but cheerful. Thursday he wanted the man who had been their faithful employee so long to take the boat, go over to Hooper and get the mail, as he said he wanted his papers and magazines. The man, however, did not go until Friday morning. Through the day Friday Judge Wenner was comparatively easy. He asked his wife to read to him from their favorite books, and also to repeat to him whole poems which she knew by heart, and so the day and night passed away.

A FEARFUL ORDEAL.

Saturday morning he told her what to cook for his breakfast, saying he wanted a good breakfast, but while this was in preparation she heard the signal which she had prepared for him to make in case he needed her. When she got to his side the fatal hemorrhage was on his lips, and when she hastened to give him the medicine that was always given him at such a time he motioned it away. She put her arm around his neck, drew his head on her bosom and asked him if he loved her; he answered, "Yes," and asked her if she loved him. At her "yes," he smiled, and in an instant, without a spasm, that smile was transfixed and his soul had fled.

She was there all alone; with her own hands she washed and dressed her husband's body, went outside and got the board herself, and stretched it upon the chairs beside the bed; the girl had such a horror of death that she could not be induced to come into the room to help her lay her husband on the plank. She did it all alone, and when all was composed she went to her children, told them that their father was dead, explained to them as well as she could what death meant, took them in and showed them their father's face; they all kissed him, and knelt and prayed beside him. The day wore along and a great storm came upon the lake, so that it was impossible for the man to return. It had always been understood that two signal fires meant that she needed help, so as the night came down she went and lighted those fires and then took up her watch beside her dead. At intervals during the night she would go and replenish the fires, and so the watch went on till daylight. All that day passed away. At night she renewed the fires; and finally, at great peril, the man reached the island at 10 o'clock at night.

A PATHETIC BURIAL.

There was no possibility to return to get a casket, so the poor woman told the man that he must from the boards on the place make the best box he could. The man helplessly said he could not, but she encouraged him and told him she would help him. So the box was made. From the best material she had in the house she with her own hands lined the box and fixed a pillow for the sleeper's head. That completed, the man dug a grave. The only services for the dead was by the wife and little children kneeling around the coffin before it was moved from the house and praying. But then what other service was needed?

As best they could they got the box to the grave, the man drove stakes on one side of the grave and tied ropes to them, and that woman and that man lowered the body into the grave. Then she went back to take care of her children. The storm was so furious on the lake that it was a week before she could take her children and leave the island.

What she endured through that Saturday and Saturday night, that Sunday and that Sunday night no one knows, and no one can imagine. She did not shed a tear. She has not shed a tear since. She says calmly that she never anticipated life without her husband, but that now her children need what strength she has got. And she speaks of what she did as nothing at all. She says it was a pleasure to her to do the last office; it is very much sweeter for her to think of than it would be to think that it was performed by some one who might have been less tender in his touch than she.

And that was by a little woman who never knew what work was or what isolation meant, who knew nothing at all about the rougher side of life until she gave her heart up to her husband and thenceforth lived only for him.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Always Plenty.

"Suppose coal were to give out, what should we use in its place?" asked Hicks.

"Poems," returned his editorial friend. —Life.

The Formation of Tumors.

The oldest theory by which it was attempted to account for the origin of tumors ascribed it to a peculiar state of the system, a "cancerous diathesis," which rendered the tissues of the body liable to "cancerous degeneration." The great answer to this theory is the large number of cases now on record in which complete cure of the disease has been attained by early and thorough operation, for if the tumor does not return at its previous site or elsewhere it is manifest that its cause must have been a local one and must have been removed with the tumor.

The coexistence of several tumors has been advanced as proof that there was a constitutional taint, but more careful pathological work has shown that in almost every case it can be proved that where there are several tumors one is considerably older than the rest, and that the latter are secondary and owe their existence to an infection from the first. The old theory also fails to explain why the cancerous growth remains confined to one small portion of the body for so long a time; and why, after removal, it persists in returning to the same locality; whereas both of these facts become clear at once on the supposition that cancer is a local disease.—Harper's.

Britishers Enlightened.

Miss Jennie O'Neill Potter relates a funny story of an experience in England during her tour in that country. She was invited by the Royal artillery to give an entertainment in aid of a military charitable institution at Woolwich garrison, near London. Her readings met with approval, and in response to an encore she recited "Sheridan's Ride." An old general of the Royal artillery, who was chairman for the occasion, came to Miss Potter during the interval and said, stroking his gray mustache: "Aw, Miss Pottah, don't cher know, several persons wish to know—aw—where the incident of this—aw—Sheridan's ride took place. Of course I've heard about it, but it has—aw—quite escaped my memory."

"Why, general," replied Miss Potter, who dearly loves a joke, "that Sheridan's ride took place at the battle of Bunker Hill."

"Certainly it did," rejoined the general, who rose, and addressing the audience, said, "Ladies and gentlemen—In response to numerous inquiries I have to inform you that the ride of General Sheridan was an incident of the battle of Bunker Hill."—New York Telegram.

Peculiarities of French Bread.

In Paris bread is indeed the "staff of life." It is carried about the streets without even a string around it. Women clasp the long rolls affectionately to their bosoms and rest the ends against their hair. Men forget that it isn't a cane they are carrying and rap the end of the loaf on the pavement as they walk. I saw a little boy in the dirt by the Seine using a long piece of bread for a plaything. Presently he wiped it upon his dress and took a mouthful. I saw a woman sitting on a bench in the Luxembourg gardens cosily hugging a great round loaf—without any wrapper, please remember. We heard angry voices before our window, and beheld a woman thumping a man with a fresh baked roll. It broke in two, but the woman beat a tattoo on his back with the pieces. When we go to buy bread we are tempted to ask, "How much is it a yard?" We are sure the French people never die of lockjaw, for any grinding apparatus that can stand the test of years on this bread can stand anything. —Paris Cor. Chicago Post.

Glass and Paste Diamonds.

Of late years paste diamonds, imitation diamonds, quartz diamonds and glass diamonds have been placed upon the market in quantities, and it is difficult to distinguish many of these from the genuine articles. They are cut in the most approved style, and a good quartz diamond, cut in the shape of a brilliant, makes a very effective show. Its value, however, is less than one-twentieth of that of a diamond of similar size and shape.

Glass cut in prism shape will illustrate the value of angles in any transparent body, and glass diamonds can often be cut so that they resemble greatly the pure water gems. Fine, large diamonds are so very expensive that many wealthy people prefer to wear imitations on general occasions and leave the genuine stones for only very important and special times.—George E. Walsh in New York Epoch.

The Ivory Nut in South America.

The ivory nut is grown in the equatorial regions in South America. The principal point of shipment is Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama. Like the banana, the ivory nut is perennial in its native clime, and may be found in all stages from the bud to the ripened nut at all seasons of the year. The nuts grow in great bunches of about fifty incased in a shell, as are chestnuts in the burr, though the shell outwardly resembles in roughness the surface of a pineapple. The entire cluster of nuts in this shell is as big as a man's head. This shell comes off easily after the nuts are ripe. At this stage they fall from the trees—which are fourteen or fifteen feet in height—and are packed on the backs of natives to the points of shipment. They are about the color of an unwashed last year's potato and as hard as an elephant's tusk.—New York Telegram.

Singular Ocean Sponges.

A singular ocean sponge is the glass rope, which sends down into the mud a coiled wisp of filaments as thick as a knitting needle. The latter opens out into a brush, fixing the creature in place after the manner of a screw pile. Still another remarkable sponge is found in the deep water off the Loffoden islands. It spreads out into a thin circular cake, surrounded by what looks like a fringe of white floss silk. Yet another curiosity is the "eupectella" sponge of the Philippines, which lives embedded to its lid in the mud and supported by a lovely frill.—Interview in Washington Star.

A POLICEMAN IN A WILD COUNTRY.

How Jack Kirkup, of Sproat's Landing, Put a Desperado Out of Town.

There was only one policeman to enforce the law in a territory the size of Rhode Island. He was quite as remarkable in his way as any other development of that embryotic civilization. His name was Jack Kirkup, and all who knew him spoke of him as being physically the most superb example of manhood in the Dominion. Six feet and three inches in height, with the chest, neck and limbs of a giant, his 300 pounds of weight were so exactly his complement as to give him the symmetry of an Apollo. He was good looking, with the beauty of a round faced, good natured boy, and his thick hair fell in a cluster of ringlets over his forehead and upon his neck.

No knight of Arthur's circle can have been more picturesque a figure in the forest than this Jack. He was as neat as a dandy. He wore high boots and corduroy knickerbockers, a flannel shirt and a sack coat, and rode his big bay horse with the ease and grace of a Skobeleff. He smoked like a fire of green brush. In a dozen years he had slept more frequently in the open air upon pebble beds or in trenches in the snow, than upon ordinary bedding, and he exhibited, in his graceful movements, his sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks, his massive frame and his imperturbable good nature, a degree of health and vigor that would seem insolent to the average New Yorker.

Now that the railroad was building he kept ever on the trail, along what was called "the right of way"—going from camp to camp to "jump" peddlers and gamblers and to quell disorder—except on pay day, once a month, when he staid at Sproat's Landing.

The echoes of his fearless behavior and lively adventures rang in every gathering. The general tenor of the stories was to the effect that he usually gave one warning to evil doers, and if they did not heed that he "cleaned them out." He carried a revolver, but never had used it. Even when the most notorious gambler on our border had crossed over into Jack's bailiwick the policeman depended upon his fists. He had met the gambler and had "advised" him to take the cars next day. The gambler, in reply, had suggested that both would get along more quietly if each minded his own affairs, whereupon Kirkup had said, "You hear me; take the cars out of here tomorrow." The little community (it was Donald, B. C., a very rough place at the time) held its breathing for twenty-four hours, and at the approach of train time was on tiptoe with strained anxiety. At twenty minutes before the hour the policeman, amiable and easy going as ever in appearance, began a tour of the houses. It was in a tavern that he found the gambler.

"You must take the train," said he.

"You can't make me," replied the gambler.

There were no more words. In two minutes the giant was carrying the limp body of the ruffian to a wagon, in which he drove him to jail. There he washed the blood off the gambler's face and tidied his collar and scarf. From there the couple walked to the cars, where they parted amicably.

"I had to be a little rough," said Kirkup to the loungers at the station, "because he was armed like a pincushion, and I didn't want to kill him."—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

A Young Woman's Tact.

There was a pretty touch of courtesy in a Brooklyn church on a recent Sunday. After the service began some late comers, evidently strangers, were shown, other seats being occupied, to the very front pew. There were four of them and they scrupulously followed the routine of worship, rising and remaining seated, as they noticed those around them doing. At the hymn before the sermon, having stood during the singing of all the others, they rose as well. It is the custom of the congregation, however, to sit for this hymn, and the four stood alone when the first note was struck.

Only for a few seconds, for a young woman, a church member, who saw the mistake, rose to her feet to share the situation with them. An old gentleman just behind her followed suit, another at his side joined the standers, and in less than a minute the entire congregation was on its feet, put there by the quick tact of one young woman. And the strangers never knew they had blundered.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

An English Soldier's Record.

Lord Wolseley, since his nineteenth year, has served in nearly every important military expedition in which British valor has engaged. He served in the second Burmese war as an ensign. As a lieutenant he served in the Crimea and was twice wounded. Attaining a captain's rank, he served in India and received a brevet majority. In 1860 he became a lieutenant colonel and served in the China war, while in 1862-70, as colonel, he served in Canada. As major general he commanded the troops in the Ashantee war, 1873-4; and as lieutenant general, in 1879, in the south African war. In 1882 he served in Egypt, and in 1884-5 commanded in the Soudan campaigns. He received £25,000 for services in Ashantee and £20,000 for Egypt. In October, 1890, he became commander in chief of the army in Ireland.—London Tit-Bits.

She Broke the Rule.

Not all American ladies are docile. Some years ago we used to be permitted to take ladies into the Home library, but the rule was strict that they must not be allowed to sit down there. I once escorted a young American married woman through the various rooms of the library, and I mentioned to her, as a matter of more or less interesting fact, that it was against the rules for a woman to sit down there. "Is that really a law of the place?" she asked, with wide open and innocent eyes. "The very law," I answered. "Then," said she calmly, "just see me break it!" and she drew a chair and resolutely sat down at the table.—Justin McCarthy's Letter.

A Good Fee.

Ministers in New England villages are not usually the recipents of liberal salaries, and the number of marriages in a year is seldom large enough to make the fees much of an addition to the slender sum. The fees themselves are apt to be slight, and sometimes are omitted altogether, although the clergyman is usually presented with some little "remembrance" of the happy occasion.

One clergyman has a good many amusing stories to tell of his "wedding experiences," but he once received a wedding fee which has never been duplicated, and which, he says, lasted ten times as long as any other which was ever given him.

He performed the ceremony which united the daughter of the Widow Robbins, the thriftiest housewife of his parish, to a poor but estimable young man, whom the widow had selected for her son-in-law, and with whom her daughter had dutifully fallen in love.

The wedding was a merry one, and as the "officiating clergyman" was putting on his coat in the hall, ready to start for home, the Widow Robbins bustled out to him and said: "I sent Harry over with your fee about half an hour ago, Mr. Lathrop. I told him people wouldn't miss the groom for a few minutes, and sure enough they didn't. He said he gave it to your wife, and I hope you'll like it; you always have!"

Mr. Lathrop murmured his thanks and hurried home to be greeted by his wife, whom a severe cold had kept in the house, in a voice shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Where is my fee?" demanded the clergyman. "I hear it has been put in your keeping."

"It's on the dining room table," faltered his wife.

He strode out to the dining room, and there on the table were ranged four rows of glass jars, three in each row; they were well filled, and labeled respectively, "currant jelly," "chili sauce," "sweet pickles," and last but not least, "raspberry jam."

"We had a good laugh, of course," says Mr. Lathrop, "but we also had some of that 'fee' the very next day, and we never enjoyed one better."—Youth's Companion.

Through the Tunnel.

A railway mail clerk, who has a car to himself, left it for a moment to run forward and speak to the engineer as the train stopped for water at a station in the Allegheny mountains, just west of the great tunnel. When the boiler was filled and the train started he sprang for his car.

The entrance to the car was on the side, and a solitary handle offered itself to the grasp of the passenger. As the clerk seized this hurriedly and pulled himself up he discovered to his horror that the door had jarred shut, and could not be opened from the outside.

At that moment the train shot into the tunnel. The man shrieked for help, but the noise of the train drowned his cries, and with both hands grasping the handle, his feet on the iron step and his body glued to the side of the car lest he should be dashed against the jagged wall, he was carrred into the darkness.

As the tunnel is a mile long and the atmosphere almost catching, the hapless man's predicament can be better imagined than described. When the train came out into daylight again the engineer looked back, as usual, to see if the train was following, and discovered the mail clerk in his perilous position.

The train was stopped as quickly as possible, and the engineer and conductor hastened to the man's rescue. He was all but demented, and on being assisted to the ground fell unconscious.

For six months afterward he was under a physician's care, and when he had recovered from the shock he said:

"The tunnel seemed at least ten miles long, and my head, I thought, was hollow, with the smoke rushing in at my mouth and nostrils and pouring out again through my ears. Whenever I think of it my brain reels and I feel myself crouching, just as I crouched against the outside of that car, while being dragged through that horrible darkness."—Washington Star.

Considered Her Case Incurable.

"I can't find that there's anything the matter with your daughter, sir," said the superintendent of the asylum when the old gentleman called to make inquiries. "She's been here two weeks now, and she talks as rationally as any woman I ever saw. There's nothing erratic in her actions either."

"I know it," said the old gentleman. "Poor girl! She's in no way violent now—just a little weak minded—but there's no telling how soon she may be raving, so I thought it best to have her under treatment. There's no use taking any chances."

"Quite right! Quite right!" admitted the superintendent. "But, frankly, I don't quite understand the case. She seems to be extremely intelligent and is a remarkably bright looking young woman. What have been her symptoms?"

"There has only been one," returned the old gentleman, solemnly shaking his head. "Only one," he repeated, "but that convinced me"— He tapped his forehead significantly, and then added, "She persisted in riding in the smokers' seat in the street cars."

The superintendent looked serious.

"I'm afraid she's here for life," he said. "I never knew of a cure in such a case. I suppose she looks insulted when any one lights a cigar?"

"Oh, yes; always."

"The most aggravated form of the mania," said the superintendent. "I'll do the best I can, but I have no hopes."—Chicago Tribune.

The Largest Tip.

The most valuable tip ever received by a waiter was £1,200, which we are assured on excellent authority was given some time ago by an eccentric customer to a waiter in a restaurant in Leicester square, London. The lucky recipient is now proprietor of a flourishing public house in the south of England.—London Tit-Bits.

CROUPY SOUNDS

At night, from baby's crib, are distracting to parents who are at a loss for a medicine equal to the emergency. Not so with those who have **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** in the house. A dose of this medicine affords certain and speedy relief. To cure colds, coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, and the various disorders of the breathing apparatus, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal. It soothes the inflamed tissue, expectorates, and imposes. Cap. **Call For** promotes ration, induces repose. Cap. U. Carley, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for thirty years and have always found it the best remedy for croup, to which complaint my children were subject."

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CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gegan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2938 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 28th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucek Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of West Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Fagan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 82 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 3434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 49 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st. between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor. Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Burling sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 169 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 832 N Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 73 Cypress st

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ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G O Symon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daindel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langiois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Seventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 32th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Horan, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet st hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 852 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J E shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Buehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousek, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fola, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2541 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 509 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Leveseur, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 288 Sherman st; Frank A Rucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Harnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Fri lay.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 888 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schutt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Mosier, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Gottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Gilchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Bindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C S, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Fusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 228 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall. 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3544 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 566 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotal, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A J Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

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St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

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County Financial Secretary, W. E. Graham, 13 Currier st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 W. Erie.

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Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V-P; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

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Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V.P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 186 Blue Island-av.

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Div. No. 29—Pres. J F Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P. M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 387 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. Ring. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1208 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3300 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at K-y-n-ph's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

A Great Magazine.

That Great American periodical, *The Century*, is going to outdo its own unrivaled record in its programme for 1892, and as many of its new features begin with the November number, new readers should commence with that issue.

In this numbers are the opening chapters of "The Naulahka," a novel by Rudyard Kipling, the famous author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," written in collaboration with an American writer, Wolcott Balestier. It is the story of a young man and a young woman from a "booming" Colorado town, who go to India, he in search of a wonderful jeweled necklace, called "the Naulahka" (from which the story takes its name), and she as a physician to women. The novel describes their remarkable adventures at the court of an Indian maharajah. Besides this, *The Century* will print three other novels during the year, and a great number of short stories by the best American story writers.

The well known humorist, Edgar W. Nye ("Bill Nye") is to write a series of amusing sketches which he calls his "autobiographies," the first one of which, "The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace," is in November. This number also contains a valuable and suggestive article on "The Food Supply of the Future," which every farmer should read, to be followed by a number of others of great practical value to farmers, treating especially of the relations of the government to the farmer, what it is doing and what it should do. This series will include contributions from officers of the the department of agriculture, and other well known men will discuss "The Farmer's Discontent," "Cooperation," etc., etc.

A celebrated Spanish writer is to furnish a "Life of Columbus," which will be brilliantly illustrated, and the publishers of *The Century* have arranged with the managers of the World's Fair to print articles on the buildings, etc.

One of the novels to appear in 1892 is "A Story of New York Life," by the author of "The Anglomaniacs," and the magazine will contain a great deal about the metropolis during the year,—among other things a series of illustrated articles on "The Jews in New York." In November is an illustrated description of "The Players' Club," founded by Edwin Booth, and one of the features of the splendidly illustrated Christmas (December) number is an article on "The Bowery."

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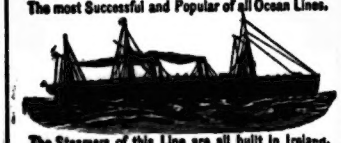
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